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Two Poems by David R. Clark

ANGELUS AD VIRGINEM

*Angelus ad Virginem
Subintrans in conclave ;
Virginis formidinem
Demulcens inquit, Ave !*

Make me thy makeles Maid,
Sudden mild messenger !
Wake me in terror
To wondering welcome !

Under the archway
Enter this emptiness !
Fill by not moving
The space of this breathing.

That the blossom well
Round the hole of a wound,
That the dogwood tree
May quarter the sky,

Virgin this wood
Sleeps for the carver.
Make of my myriad grain
Print of thy lover !

MOUNTAIN ASH: POEM FOR AN EMBER DAY

"And pray ye that your flight be not in the winter."

All visible things that interrupt the light
 Burn to a hazeless blue that winter mourns,
 Hiding its dark in dark.
 Hemlocks that hid in green now hide in snow.
 The earth is white with sky, but sky is heavy with the world.
 No ashy flake glitters in the sun
 As iris blue burned in another blue.

Fall borne fruit of the ash,
 Burn fiercest at the close!
 Offer the year your embers quenched with snow.

That wind made a great rush
 When the crow spoke.
 The cherry birds, all tails and wings in flight,
 Sparked yellow and red.
 The embers blazed in the ash, blazed up to follow
 All visible things that interrupt the light.

Raiders under the thorn seek humbled coverts.
 But before the last flametail gutters abashed,
 The first flares up with a will in head-down flight,
 On the little cross at the fir-crest lists where the wind blows,
 Scouts the whitened field to where the lost ash
 Flares up a late bright fruit for wintry flight.

The winged return
 Flings care upon the wind.
 Goes slippery down like noiseless trusting children.
 Come to the fruit,
 Must break its flight,
 Must brake itself in the element where it flew.
 Tail to earth, wings to world, crown to sky,
 The waxwing stands a Maltese cross on the wind,
 Lights in burnt-brown vesture.
 Turns bandit eyes.

Crest below claw, bows in snowy conversion
Snatching wine-glowing flesh.
Then turns with fiery beak and red-slashed side
And mounts with wings.

The host flames in a winged return to the ash.
A rending hour crackles in the dry tree.
After, shrunk limbs retain
Glimmers of red, all that was not consumed.
Smoke-thick the dark snows down.
Dark snows down all the earth.

In the blanched morning
There is no complaint.
The ever-green
Whose burden is snow
Abide
Nod only.

THE EXPERIMENTS OF SEAN O'CASEY

By ROBERT HOGAN

IT is perhaps presumptuous for an American to attempt to lecture the Irish on an Irishman, but leafing through back issues of *The Dublin Magazine* recently I chanced upon Patricia Baggett's interesting article "Sean O'Casey's Development of a Basic Theme," and read this comment:

These later plays are boring. They have none of the vitality of the earlier search for truth—for a meaning to existence. O'Casey has found truth, his meaning for existence, in some colour called red . . . he neither enlightens nor entertains his audiences—he offends their intelligence . . . And perhaps too this is the reason why O'Casey himself exploits the expressionistic technique in a more spectacular manner. He has to sell his plays. He has no new themes. Instead of new themes, he presents new combinations.

This statement seems to me such a convincingly presented example of false reasoning, indeed of an entirely false way to regard literature, that I would like to register a strong protest and, I hope, in the process refute a few other ingrained misconceptions clinging about one of Ireland's great writers.

Miss Baggett's explanations of the failure of O'Casey's later dramas rests upon a thesis that art is primarily didactic. When the artist ceases to grow philosophically, his work becomes less artistic. I would not want to deny that there is an occasional correlation between the writer as artist and the writer as moralist. However, I would point out that the theme of a work may often suggest a sensitive feeling and insight while the work itself may be execrable. One of the most popular poems in America is Joyce Kilmer's "Trees." Few people would deny the validity of the poet's emotion or that that emotion could be well embodied in a poem. However, the expression of "Trees" is so confused and banal that the poem is quite negligible. Therefore, it is a

mistake for Miss Baggett to criticize O'Casey because "never once does he present a picture of the future kingdom." He does not need to. A work of art is not a moral tract nor is the dramatist a philosopher. The work of O'Casey or that of any artist, if it is not blatantly immoral or inhuman (in which case it defacts itself), must be judged on artistic grounds rather than on philosophical. That is the true battleground on which I would be delighted to meet Miss Baggett, and it is a battle which she seems to assume she has already won, although to my mind it is a battle which has never really been fought.

Miss Baggett is perhaps the latest in a long line of critics, from James Agate to Eric Bentley, who have condemned the later plays, three-fourths of the dramatist's productive life, out of court as a formless and erratic mishmash, as debilitated as they are illuminated by genius. "I regard," wrote Mr. Agate, "the whole of the later Sean O'Casey as pretentious twaddle." "Mr. O'Casey," lamented Mr. Bentley, "is not improving." Perhaps it is an occupational hazard for drama critics to condemn to a sub-sub inferno any deviations from the dramatic form of *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith*, for how otherwise can one explain the grudging half-applause for O'Casey? For years, two of his early plays have been shunted into the classic pigeon-hole where they could be comfortably ignored. Indeed, not only have *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars* been ignored (and here I speak of my country more than yours) to the extent of misunderstanding their intention and form, but also their author has been dismissed as a primitive with negligible knowledge of dramatic technique.

To refute this hoary misconception, I wish someone would make the assertion, backed up with a serious critical consideration and a careful close reading, the assertion fifteen or twenty years overdue that O'Casey has written plays just as good as either *Juno* or *The Plough*. *Purple Dust* and *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* are neither erratic nor formless nor mishmash, and one will never discover their form by complaining that they don't resemble *The Plough and the Stars*. They weren't meant to. O'Casey wrote, "If critics . . . were lads of judgment and sense, they would never had criticized THE BISHOP'S BONFIRE, by comparing it with the earlier plays; for this play is of another method and manner, a different genre."

Drama critics, myself included, have perennially been shiftless, dense, incompetent, argumentative, pompous, self-appointed Brahmins, but, while the elder breed at least took notice that Ibsen was a poor wretch, the modern practitioners have added the invaluable quality of deafness to their hereditary blindness. O'Casey has bellowed and hoarsely re-bellowed that he is an experimental dramatist. "Dramatists cannot go on imitating themselves, and, when they get tired of that, imitating others. They must change, must experiment, must develop their power, or try to, if the drama is to live." Surely that injunction should be sufficient indication that these later plays must be freshly evaluated, and that their intentions and merits will never be uncovered by the blunt scalpel that worked so delightfully well on *Time Out for Ginger*. In one of his letters, D. H. Lawrence wrote, "Tell Arnold Bennett that all rules of construction hold good only for novels which are copies of other novels. A book which is not a copy of other books has its own construction, and what he calls faults, he being an old imitator, I call characteristics." The rule applies equally well to plays, but neither the sniping pin-pricks of an Agate nor the effusive slobber of the *New York Times* critic define characteristics or indicate the nature of the bewildering technical dexterity and the bold formal experimentation of O'Casey's last dramas.

Bentley comments of O'Casey that "a playwright without a theatre is far too free." Not so. Rather a critic confined to a realistic peep-hole is far too circumscribed. O'Casey, divorced from the voyeurism of the proscenium arch, has tacked toward freedom, toward smashing the conventions inherited from Sardoodledom and the least fruitful facet of Ibsen. In the face of the impassive stolidity of the modern theatre, O'Casey's strident innovations are both isolate and refreshing. Here, at last, is a dramatist attempting what the poets Eliot and Pound and the novelists Joyce and Woolf twenty or thirty years ago accomplished—the invention of new forms to interpret our time. Yet, as Shaw quipped, the theatre is that institution the last to change, and we slight O'Casey and Brecht because they do not like Van Druten or Rattigan write in tidy packages or because their experiments are not leavened with the titillating perversity of Tennessee Williams or the boozy affability of Saroyan.

What critics call O'Casey's formlessness is not the aimless

sprawling of a talented amateur, but experiments with form and, in the last plays, experiments in synthesis, in the juxtaposition of techniques from different genres. O'Casey's later plays have not lack of form, but the tremendous formal complexity of one of the few still growing and experimental talents of the modern theatre.

O'Casey's alleged formlessness is supposed to derive from his long absence from connection with a theatre and by divorce from his source of inspiration in Dublin. "Because," the argument goes, "O'Casey lives in Devon, he writes undramatic plays." Although the charge is patently absurd, it has been so vociferously reiterated that it has practically congealed into dogma.

When O'Casey broke with the Abbey Theatre, he had not, in the words of Yeats, "reduced the world to wallpaper"; *The Silver Tassie* had "no consuming dramatic fire." The question is, however, who was the better judge of "consuming dramatic fire"—the author of *The Plough and the Stars* or the authors of *The Shadowy Waters*, *Spreading the News* and *The Clancy Name*? The answer, of course, to whether O'Casey's plays are undramatic can best be proved in the theatre, but the charge that absence from connection with a theatre necessitates a loss of dramatic sense is ridiculous theorizing. Chekhov had no close connection with the Moscow Art Theatre and, indeed, thought that Stanislavsky consistently misinterpreted his plays. No one had a closer connection with the Abbey than Yeats, yet this connection can scarcely be said to have made his own plays more dramatic. One of the masterpieces of Henri Becque went begging five years for a theatre, while even the most awkward work of the prolific Zola commanded a showing. The truth is that it is not the dramatist who needs the theatre. The dramatist is self sufficient. He can afford to wait. It is the theatre that needs the dramatist. The burden of proof is not upon the artist, but upon the theatre. O'Casey wrote in *The Green Crow*, "Be sure, buttie, that though the British stage neglected the dramatist, the dramatist didn't neglect the British stage; though Broadway turned her back on him, the dramatist didn't, hasn't, won't turn his back on Broadway." The argument is succinctly summed up by Eric Bentley:

And yet we don't really know whether *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* is good theatre, bad, or indifferent, because we haven't tried it. There is also the question how good the theatre is in which it would be tried. A creative ensemble would be more interested in tackling a work that is not tied down by the habits of past performances, a work which demands, and will help to form, a new kind of performance. Where are the actors who will give us, not repetitions, nor even revivals, but discoveries? Do we reject O'Casey because as a communist he is beneath us or because as an artist he is beyond us?

Whatever the reason for the rejection of O'Casey in the past, the torpid state of the contemporary theatre now demands that these latter plays finally receive the intelligent interpretation they so belatedly deserve.

What, then, are the later plays? What are O'Casey's intentions? Briefly, they would seem to be the destruction of dramatic realism. It is something of a paradox that the reigning convention of the modern theatre should be realism although the greatest modern dramatists in their greatest plays are not realists. Perhaps the subtle influence of the film is responsible, and perhaps it is easier to understand the Ibsen of *The Pillars of Society* than it is the Ibsen of *The Master Builder*. Whatever the reason, despite Ibsen and Chekhov and Strindberg, despite Hauptmann and Wedekind, despite Lorca and Fry and Eliot and Shaw and Brecht and Beckett, despite Expressionism, Symbolism, Monodrama, the Ubermarionette, the Living Newspaper, the Epic Theatre, and, for that matter, despite *Oklahoma* and *South Pacific*, this is the age of theatrical realism. To-day's theatrical growth is from *Murder in the Cathedral* to *The Cocktail Party*, from poetry to prose. O'Casey has never attempted to come to terms with theatrical convention; his progress has been from prose to poetry.

There is nothing wrong with dramatic realism *per se*. It has, like other methods, advantages and limitations. The error is that the limitations of dramatic realism should be mistaken for the limitations of the drama and that the excellences of dramatic realism should be regarded as the only excellences of the drama.

O'Casey's work, however, has tended in the direction of freedom, of breaking down the forms and conventions of dramatic

realism. He cries with Shaw that there are no rules, but this statement should be taken probably as one of narrow polemic against realism, rather than as a broad statement of dramatic theory. In his early plays O'Casey was thought to be a realist of erratic and primitive genius, a dramatist of great original talent who, if he learned to harness and control his structure, would produce quite overpowering plays. *The Silver Tassie* and the subsequent plays, however, indicated the dramatist was becoming too big for his britches, was setting himself up as an intellectual and a member of the avant garde, was throwing discipline to the winds and dissipating his meagre power in the slough of Expressionism.

Actually the early plays, like the later ones of Chekhov, seemed slovenly in form and slipshod in structure only because they were not based on the four point traditional structure of *Protasis*, *Epitasis*, *Catastasis* and *Catastrophe* which, under various pseudonyms, have been chewed over by critics from Donatus to Scaliger to Dryden to the latest composer of a "How to Write a Play" textbook. The early plays are far from structureless, but have a structure akin to *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Alchemist*. From the beginning, then, O'Casey was straining against the confines of realism and by the poorly understood success of *The Plough and the Stars* re-asserting the vitality of this second structure with its unique utilization of tragic irony and its broadness of scope that the conventional, four point, single action plays of his contemporaries denied.

Perhaps the chief device of the second structure is the ironic juxtaposition of the comic and the pathetic or the grotesque and the sublime, a juxtaposition practiced also by Jonson, Chekhov, Congreve, Charlie Chaplin and Clifford Odets. In *The Silver Tassie*, however, O'Casey utilized ironic juxtaposition in a new way. In addition to the juxtaposition of the farcical scene with the melodramatic within an act, O'Casey in the *Tassie* juxtaposed acts written in different manners. The first act was written in his old heightened realism and contained the usual farcical, satiric, melodramatic, and pathetic contrasts. The second act was entirely Expressionistic, the third somber with occasional intervals of farcical lightness, and the last with almost complete grimness marched symbolically to its tragic conclusion.

The play is a strange and vivid melange of methods whose potentialities have never been fully plumbed.

From this extreme sophistication, O'Casey turned his attention fully to Expressionism, writing two plays, *Within the Gates* and *The Star Turns Red*, in a uniformly stylized manner. In these plays, by his own statement, O'Casey attempted to re-introduce in an integral manner the song and the dance which the drama since Ibsen had been bone-dry of. Flamboyance has just about been lost save in the dying form of the opera. Emotion on the modern stage has tended to understatement, to suppression, to implication, the expressive gesture, the symbol, the glance, the innuendo. *Savoir vivre*, the vitality and the raving have been lost. Realism, thought O'Casey, was dying of over-civilization, and he intended at any cost to revive it.

O'Casey's later use of Expressionism seems to me exaggerated by Miss Baggett. O'Casey only wrote two completely Expressionist plays: *Within the Gates*, an expression of the artist's own world view, and *The Star Turns Red*, a proletarian drama, hewing closely to the party line. *Gates* is probably the better play and certainly technically challenging and provocative. The play seems to me too diffuse as if the author had strayed too far from reality and characterization and had tried to include too much. Indeed, I think the two Expressionist plays are O'Casey's worst. However, both Miss Baggett and O'Casey think highly of *Gates*, and O'Casey's sense of the drama seems to me one of the century's best so I shall hold my tongue.

O'Casey has, however, expressed doubts about *The Star Turns Red* and, I think, with good reason. Fulfilling the doctrine of social realism enunciated by Gorky for proletarian literature forces O'Casey to contrive his most thematically explicit play. The line between the Morality play and Expressionism is a thin one which I do not intend to attempt to draw here, but only to indicate that O'Casey has several times voiced his dislike of *Everyman*.

The Star Turns Red is certainly one limit of Expressionism, and in subsequent plays like *Red Roses for Me*, having evidently learned the pitfalls of extreme abstraction and explicit presentation, O'Casey used Expressionism only as a contributory tool that was combined with several others. In *Red Roses* the dramatist's romanticism re-emerged in the person of the idealized

young poet, Ayamonn. Here, O'Casey has shifted his message rather than repeating himself as Miss Baggett avers. His theme is the result of personal insight, rather than the group insight of an economic creed or a religious dogma. Structurally, *Red Roses* is perhaps O'Casey's queerest experiment. Its truncated and often implied action, like a sort of squashed Ibsenism, coupled with the various tones and juxtaposed viewpoints he had previously utilized, combine in a, to me, sometimes static although frequently exciting drama. The curious third act is probably the writer's closest approach to the lyric drama. But while the second act of the *Tassie* had attempted to portray war by a sort of emanation of the mass psyche, the third act of *Red Roses* plumbs the individual mind of Ayamonn and attempts to reinforce the play's theme vertically rather than horizontally through progressive action.

After *Red Roses* the lyric and Expressionistic elements are not separated from the more realistic by exclusion to their own act, but they are fused more or less integrally into a whole composed of slices of farce, melodrama, heightened realism, the bizarre, the ludicrous, and the fantastic. O'Casey's last four plays, *Oak Leaves and Lavender*, *Purple Dust*, *The Bishop's Bonfire* and *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy*, seem attempts to weld all the effects tested in the earlier plays harmoniously together. These plays all seemed based on the principle of a variety of minute emotional contrasts, of melodrama forcibly conjoined with pathos or satire or farce, and of all elements succeeding each other with bewildering complexity. Increased familiarity with the plays on the printed page makes to me only increasingly absurd the charge that these are the products of a jumbled and orderless artistry. Rather, I become only more impressed by the subtle dexterity of a kaleidoscope of different and successfully merged emotions and of startling effects. As one example let me cite the astonishing distance which O'Casey gets out of melodrama in the last act of *The Bishop's Bonfire*, specifically in the scene between Manus and Foorawn, and climactically in Foorawn's lines, "You ruffian! Oh, Manus darling, I think I'm dying." I frankly admit that a close unravelling of the artistry of these plays is a task I quail before, but of the four of them *Oak Leaves and Lavender* is to my mind the least integrated and *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* the most while *Purple Dust* may succeed more in its limited aims of satiric

farce than does *The Bishop's Bonfire* with its more ambitious intentions.

After all, the plays are there to speak for themselves. One needs only cast off the smoke screen (strait jacket, to mix metaphors, would be a better term) of the past to see them for what they are. John Gassner called his well known series of essays in *Theatre Arts* "The Prodigality of Sean O'Casey," and the eclecticism of the last four plays suggests the term is apt.

What seems most necessary for the perpetuation of a vital drama is an affirmative morality, an ethic coupled with exuberant presentation, daring and experimental conception, and control. Where else are these elements to be found but in the man who described himself in a letter as "a wandering road-minstrel, singing an odd song at any cross-roads where a few people may have gathered together ; an odd song in the form of a play, a few thoughts set out in the form of an article, or a song in the form of a song itself ? "

W. B. YEATS'S *DEIRDRE*: THE RIGOUR OF LOGIC

By David Ridgley Clark

IN *Deirdre* the neo-classic tragedy of reason is fused with the romantic tragedy of passion in an attempt to discover or create a new form. Even the chief dramatic symbols, the game of chess and the fire of brazier and torch, are used first to define two versions of tragedy and then to fuse them.

The story is the famous one of the Irish queen who eloped with Naoise, son of Usna, just before her long-planned wedding with Conchubar, King of the Red Branch. After long wandering, they have apparently been forgiven by Conchubar, who has invited them back. The kindly old warrior Fergus has arranged the ill-fated reconciliation.

The scene of *Deirdre* is a guest house in a wood near Conchubar's palace. *Through the doors and some of the windows one can see the great spaces of the wood, the sky dimming, night closing in* (p. 171). The perspective through the window is symbolically important. The woods and the approaching darkness remind us of "that first night in the woods" when Deirdre and Naoise

. . . lay all night on leaves, and looking up,
When the first grey of the dawn awoke the birds,
Saw leaves above . . . (p. 192)

and of their death together when they are gone "Into the secret wilderness of their love" (p. 202). The perspective draws our mind off towards "the things (which) come after death" (p. 191).

The interior arrangement is also symbolic as well as functional:

There is a door to right and left, and through the side windows one can see anybody who approaches either door, a moment before he enters. In the centre, a part of the house is curtained off; the curtains are drawn. There are unlighted torches in brackets on the walls. There is, at one side, a small table with a chessboard and chessmen upon it. At the other side of the room there is a brazier with a fire; two women, with musical instruments beside them, crouch about the brazier. (p. 171)

The guest house is a trap, a cage. The perspective without of the darkening woods represents a liberty to be achieved only in a love-death. The mysterious glimpses through the windows of whoever approaches either door provide moments of ominous suspense and focus the attention on the threat from the hunter, Conchubar, who will soon come to claim his quarry.

The curtain closing off the central part of the house is also mysterious. What is behind it? Why is it there? In the context the audience cannot avoid a certain alarm about this question. Both the characters and the audience examine the interior of the room for evidence of Conchubar's intention, or for any hint of what is to come. Nothing waits behind the curtain, however, except the fate of Deirdre and Naoise, who will die there and the fate of Conchubar whose purpose will be defeated there. The curtain will deceive Deirdre while Naoise is murdered, and will deceive Conchubar while Deirdre kills herself. The curtain conceals the unexpected and shocking tragedy, which is not recognized until too late, but for which destiny and the dramatist have reserved a place from the beginning.

The betrayal of guests in a guest-house would be one of the most treacherous sorts of fraud, yet there has been an ominous lack of preparation for these guests. The torches are unlighted, though it is getting dark. An old chess board has not been moved for their coming. The only fire has been prepared by wandering musicians whom chance has made the only persons ready to receive the lovers. The unlighted torches convey the sense of dismal loneliness. The lovers suffer from this fear and depression until they finally see Conchubar's purpose. Then they prepare to meet death in an heroic spirit. At that point Naoise cries, "Light torches there and drive the shadows out,/For day's grey end comes up" (p. 191), and the musicians light the torches in the sconces. The falling darkness stands for death; the torchlight for their growing courage. Later when Deirdre's triumphant death is taking place behind the curtains, Fergus enters with the people, Deirdre's friends, armed. Then *The house is lit with the glare of their torches* (p. 202). Life burns highest in these last minutes.

The brazier around which the wandering musicians crouch is the source of the torchlight—both literally and figuratively. The fire of the brazier suggests natural instinctive emotion—

the desire to live, the fear of death, and above all the passion of love. This is a woman's play and the fire is a visible symbol of a woman's sensibility. The musicians about the brazier make that space the women's side of the stage. The men's side is over by the chess board, which represents sometimes code and decorum, sometimes craft and the struggle of wills.

The women are wanderers like Deirdre. Like her they value only love. "There is nothing in the world," says the First Musician, "That has been friendly to us but the kisses/That were upon our lips" (p. 181). The women are low born and need not consider honour as a motive. Thus their direct apprehension of the situation is not confused by noble scruples. Naoise finds Deirdre unqueenly in listening to them. They are musicians, and, according to Fergus, full of

. . . wild thought
Fed on extravagant poetry, and lit
By such a dazzle of old fabulous tales
That common things are lost . . . (p. 176)

Yet the imaginative truth which they grasp proves more trustworthy than the "truth" based on reason and code. They are simultaneously the sympathetically suffering chorus of this tragedy and the Tiresias or Cassandra whose warnings, unheeded, prove to have a deeper truth than that of reason.

In short, they and their brazier externalize Deirdre's passion, fear, and demanding vitality. It is meaningful that Deirdre and Naoise have been "paid servants in love's house/To sweep the ashes out and keep the doors" (p. 194), that after their death Deirdre and Naoise will be "Imperishable things, a cloud or a fire" (p. 192), and that the musicians, showing Deirdre's token in afterdays will find "the doors of kings/Shall be thrown wider open, the poor man's hearth/Heaped with new turf" (pp. 193-194). The torches of Deirdre and Naoise's spiritual triumph are lit by these women from their symbolic brazier.

On the opposite side of the stage is the chess table suggesting that the action has many qualities of a game played according to rules. Although, as has been said, the men usually stand near the chess table and the women near the brazier, Deirdre moves back and forth as she fluctuates between passion and craft, fear and honour. When Deirdre and Naoise first enter, Deirdre has gone toward the women, who put her jewels on her as she expresses

her fear of Conchubar. *Naoise has stood looking at her, but Fergus brings him to the chess-table* (p. 178). Naoise says: "I have his word and I must take that word,/Or prove myself unworthy of my nurture" (p. 179). Fergus replies "We'll play at chess" and argues that both Deirdre's fear and Conchubar's tardiness have an innocuous explanation. The chessboard thus externalizes Naoise's heroic honour and Fergus' statecraft based on optimistic good faith. Naoise, whose code does not require him to deceive himself as Fergus' does, notes that the chessboard is an ominous sign:

It is the board

Where Lugaidh Redstripe and that wife of his,

Who had a seamew's body half the year,

Played at the chess upon the night they died. (p. 179)

The chessboard thus becomes an objective correlative for their complete tragedy. Like Lugaidh Redstripe and his wife they will play a game of honour and good-faith while they are being betrayed.

Deirdre senses Naoise's apprehension of danger, and now the whole stage becomes a chessboard on which passion and honour oppose each other. Deirdre protests her fear; Fergus and Naoise leave rather than listen to her unqueenly distrust. Then she must evoke and sift the hints of the musicians who are afraid to tell her what they suspect. When she has won that knowledge, she calls back Naoise. He again counters her fear with his honourable scruples, but she tricks him into thinking she cares for Conchubar and thus makes him jealous. When Fergus makes her see the vanity of this action, she is ready to blacken her beauty and thus avoid Conchubar's passion. All this were like an intense game, were it not also like the struggle of a bird in a net.

Conchubar's servant enters and announces that Deirdre is invited to Conchubar's table and his bed, but that Naoise is to be held as a traitor. This event is the betrayal foreshadowed by the earlier reference to Lugaidh Redstripe. Conchubar's cold craft is now added to the suggestions emanating from the chessboard symbol. Conchubar has cheated in the game.

An extension of the impersonal and inexorable quality of the chess game is found in the foreign mercenaries hired by Conchubar to carry out his intention. They are foreigners using force, in security, for gain. They are the opposite of the musicians,

who are of the Irish people, yet insecure wanderers, and who act for love. Note also that the mercenaries are opposed at the end not by an Irish army, but by the aroused, undisciplined, people. The confusion of the "reaping-hooks" (p. 202) stands partly for the insufficient preparation of a Fergus in the face of evil, but also for the natural and instinctive horror of evil as opposed to Conchubar's calculation.

When "the game is up," so to speak, Naoise desires to die, not "fighting and passionate" (p. 190), but like "Lugaidh Redstripe and that wife of his" who

Sat at this chess-board, waiting for their end.
They knew that there was nothing that could save them,
And so played chess as they had any night
For years, and waited for the stroke of sword.
I never heard a death so out of reach
Of common hearts, a high and comely end. (pp. 189-190)

Deirdre agrees to play, saying,

. . . Though I have not been born
Of the cold, haughty waves, my veins being hot,
And though I have loved better than that queen,
I'll have as quiet fingers on the board. (p. 190)

The torches are lighted, and they play. The musicians sing at the bidding of the lovers :

Deirdre. Make no sad music.

What is it but a king and queen at chess ?

They need a music that can mix itself

Into imagination, but not break

The steady thinking that the hard game needs. (p. 191)

This scene is of the highest importance, for it brings together the images of fire, light, music and womanly passion with the images of the hard masculine game. The substance of Deirdre's passion is being given the form of Naoise's honour.

She breaks off the game, not to lapse back into fear, but to prefer a higher game, the game of love. Deirdre's victory over fear is passionate, and therefore superior to that of the stoical sea-mew's victory.

I cannot go on playing like that woman

That had but the cold blood of the sea in her veins.

Naoise. It is your move. Take up your man again.

She does so, but in the game of love, not chess. She says :

Do you remember that first night in the woods
 We lay all night on leaves, and looking up,
 When the first grey of the dawn awoke the birds,
 Saw leaves above us ? You thought that I still slept,
 And bending down to kiss me on the eyes,
 Found they were open. Bend and kiss me now,
 For it may be the last before our death.
 And when that's over, we'll be different ;
 Imperishable things, a cloud or a fire.
 And I know nothing but this body, nothing
 But that old vehement, bewildering kiss. (pp. 191-192)

Death is here figured as a dawn rather than a sunset. A transformation has taken place. Deirdre has joined to her passion the language of honour which Naoise uses in referring to the sea-mew and her lover :

. . . Those two,
 Because no man and woman have loved better,
 Might sit on there contentedly, and weigh
 The joy comes after. (p. 190)

In this game of love Deirdre and Naoise have been opposites, he honourable and she passionate. But now she has penetrated into his area of this psychological chess board and he into hers. From this time on she is heroic and controlled. Love appears in her speeches now in the forms of decorum, honourable courage, and masterful craft. He, on the other hand, becomes passionate in his desire to kill Conchubar, losing his earlier determination not to " die like an old king out of a fable, / Fighting and passionate." (p. 190).

The temptation comes in the form of honour. Conchubar appears, seemingly inviting Naoise to the noble game of single combat.

Naoise. He has taken up my challenge ;
 Whether I am a ghost or living man
 When day has broken, I'll forget the rest,
 And say that there is kingly stuff in him.

Conchubar, however, disappears. It is not the game of war he is playing, but the ignoble one (when human beings alone are involved) of hunter and hunted.

Naoise. A prudent hunter, therefore, but no king.

He'd find if what has fallen in the pit

Were worth the hunting, but has come too near,

And I turn hunter. You're not man, but beast.

Go scurry in the bushes, now, beast, beast,

For now it's topsy-turvy, I upon you. . . .(p. 192)

This angry lack of restraint leads to Naoise's capture.

Conchubar. He cried 'Beast, beast!' and in a blind-beast rage

He ran at me and fell into the nets. . . .(p. 194)

From this moment on there is no conflict, in Naoise's speeches, between honour and love, the law of one being the law of the other, both games following the same rules. Deirdre is ready to sacrifice herself to Conchubar to rescue Naoise. This sacrifice Naoise will not accept :

Naoise. If you were to do this thing,

And buy my life of Conchubar with your body,

Love's law being broken, I would stand alone

Upon the eternal summits, and call out,

And you could never come there, being banished. (p. 197)

Deirdre bows to his decision ; she obeys always the law of love.

As Deirdre begins her dignified and decorous pleading, she stands on the women's side of the stage and slowly approaches Conchubar who is on the other side. When she kneels before Conchubar, asking for him to pardon her obedience to the law of love, she has come completely across the stage—from the side of fear and passion to the side of honour. Naoise is then killed. Deirdre staggers back to the other side with the musicians.

Now she opposes to Conchubar's seven-year game of plotting her own skilful deception. She begins to move again towards the centre of the stage. She pretends to a passion she does not feel—"There's something brutal in us, and we are won/By those who can shed blood"—and to a conventional honour with which she is not concerned—

I shall do all you bid me, but not yet,

Because I have to do what's customary.

We lay the dead out, folding up the hands,

Closing the eyes, and stretching out the feet,

And push a pillow underneath the head,

Till all's in order ; and all this I'll do

For Naoise, son of Usna. (p. 199)

Earlier she used her sophistry to get Naoise to give in to her fears. Now she uses it to deceive Conchubar and achieve an honourable love-death.

She appeals to the code of love—"It is so small a gift and you will grant it/Because it is the first that I have asked." Conchubar is not moved. She appeals then to selfish pride and wins her end.

Deirdre He shall be mocked of all.

They'll say to one another, 'Look at him

That is so jealous that he lured a man

From over sea, and murdered him, and yet

He trembled at the thought of a dead face!'

[*She has her hand upon the curtain.*]

Conchubar. How do I know that you have not some knife,
And go to die upon his body?

Deirdre. Have me searched,

If you would make so little of your queen.

It may be that I have a knife hid here

Under my dress. Bid one of these dark slaves

To search me for it.

[*Pause.*]

Conchubar. Go to your farewells, Queen. (pp. 200-201)
As Naoise and Deirdre had to trust Conchubar, because not to do so would be dishonourable, so now Conchubar has to trust Deirdre, or else be humiliated—kingly pride being his code of honour.

Deirdre now goes behind the curtain from the women's side, as Naoise has been dragged from the men's. The curtain is halfway between the symbols of brazier and chessboard. Deirdre, stabbing herself upon the body of Naoise, has played her game of honourable love and won. Fergus enters with rescuers, playing out his game of keeping faith. He will not allow Conchubar to touch the body of Deirdre, for which he still stands surety. Conchubar's game, that of deception used to enhance his sovereign pride, is lost. However, even he feels justified by the rules.

Conchubar. I have no need of weapons,

There's not a traitor that dare stop my way.

Howl, if you will; but I, being King, did right

In choosing her most fitting to be Queen,

And letting no boy lover take the sway. (p. 203)

The whole play has been a tragic chess game in which each player followed the rules sacred to him: Conchubar sovereign pride, Fergus statesmanly good-faith, Naoise heroic honour and Deirdre the laws of love. In a sense the finish was determined before the start and all the action was like that of Lugaidh Redstripe and his bride: "They moved the men and waited for the end" (p. 179).

Just as legitimately, however, one could say that the whole play has been a rising fire of passion against the night sky of death. In terms of stage properties the fire spreads from the brazier, to the torches in the sconces, to the torches in the hands of Deirdre's belated defenders. All four chief characters show themselves in an intensity both of passion and of control in that last flaring scene.

The stage movement, like the psychological movement of the whole play, follows that of a pendulum. The early scenes show a great distance between Deirdre's passion and Naoise's honour and the action shifts obviously back and forth from one side to the other. These movements, both physical and psychological, become briefer and briefer as passion becomes honour and honour passion and as Deirdre and Naoise converge upon their place of death and triumph behind the central curtain.

THE ISLAND WOMAN

By Derek Hill

IT is strange but I shall always remember you and you will wonder why. You will wonder why, just as you wondered why, after I saw you at the dance, the lighthouse keeper should have taken a message to your family to find out if you would let me paint you. I only saw you that once and probably I shall never see you again as the people here say you are dying of an internal cancer. From the moment I came into the school house I watched you. Occasionally you looked in my direction, to the right, where I sat on a bench with Tom and Jo, the two assistant lighthouse keepers on one side, and the two strangers from Drogheda, who had come over to sell mattresses, on the other.

They had been, the strangers, on the same mail boat that I had taken from the country two days before, only deciding definitely to come at the last minute and hurriedly racing down the long jetty with mattresses flopping and flapping on their heads.

During the hour's crossing, because of the steady drizzle, we had to cover the ten mattresses with a tarpaulin and then to crouch down, beside the smelly old engine, as best we could. John, the younger of the strangers had been sick and both, by the time we reached the island resented, I think, the expensive journey they had made. It seemed they were willing to swop their mattresses, if they couldn't sell them outright, in exchange for the feather beds you still use on the island. The price of feathers in Dublin is very high.

Though they both said they came from Drogheda no one quite believed them, as their accents were from the west, and when the younger one, later, walking eastwards to the lighthouse, had bent down, picked, and eaten a fresh young mushroom I felt sure he came from tinker stock. Few islanders, as you know, would touch a mushroom, certainly never eat one raw. The other stranger, the elder of the two, was dark and fleshy and pronounced that 'dat' and this 'dis'. He was married, but preferred to be a traveller and to return home as little as possible,

telling us as we crouched there, of his different conquests with women, here and there.

Well, and then, in sunlight, we all got to the island ; Tom met me in his lighthouse uniform and together we carried the things up the street of East End village, with Darkie, the lighthouse dog, running importantly in front of us. The strangers unloaded their mattresses and had to set about finding a room for the night as there are no hotels or rooms to let in the normal way at all. In the end I think the postmaster allowed them to put two of their mattresses down on his floor. I have rambled on about these two as naturally you are just as interested in any strangers that come to the island as the rest of the people here. You will talk about them in Gaelic, just as you will talk about me, and neither they, nor myself, will understand a word of what you all say about us.

On our second day on the island a dance was announced, the report gradually gaining certainty as it spread about like the mist that had come up from the south-west and obliterated us completely from the country to the east. The roof of the school house had to be repaired, to be torn down and renewed in fact, so a dance was planned the day before the work was to begin. This day also coincided with the arrival of the strangers, the two mattress sellers and myself, and also was conveniently at a time when several island girls had returned from work in Scotland for their holidays. A propitious moment for a ceileidh.

Of course it would be unthinkable for a dance to begin much before eleven and as there is no pub on the island, the chance of a glass of beer to while away the waiting hour is slight. Cases, or single bottles have to be brought over from the country and their value is therefore high. Somehow Tom had got hold of 6 bottles, so we sat in the upper room of the two storeyed house where I stayed and shared them with Eddy, a boy adopted by the island people long before, from a home in Cork.

It was nearly midnight by the time we left for the dance, but then as you never consider the change of clocks, that only means eleven by your time. The school house, so it was painted on a notice above the door, was built in 1840 and was in fact like the school house of a Dickens novel (an illustration by Cruikshank). One storeyed, with large windows badly fitted with panes of old glass. They told me that here Roger Casement had once sung

“ Cockles and Mussells ”. He too had loved your island. Manus, who I stayed with, could have told me more about this of course as he knows all the history, but he can only talk Gaelic and is now so deaf. He could have told me too, it seems, about Balor the legendary robber with one eye in the back of his head, who had a palace up on the west side headland, where a fort stood. About Balor’s prison, a terrible cleft in the cliff face down which he threw his prisoners and his gold. But then you know these stories too, passed down, father to son, and on to grandson, for centuries.

By now the long school room had filled up and you came in. Children came, even babies, and the oldest inhabitants came out to pass the night. That’s the way it is. Two harmonicas and a fiddle made up the band and, unlike any dances now in the country, no modern tune was played that night. The dances were all traditional and so were the songs that were sung and the jigs that the soloists danced. School benches lined the floor space against the walls and were placed one on the other to give better view. The young men flanking one side, in their dark suits against the flakey white walls, banded at intervals by brown woodwork strips, looked like Rembrandt portraits, with the Tilly lamp, searched for in the village, swinging above their heads. Sombre masses they formed against the walls—only their faces lit ruggedly, in a way one now seldom sees with electricity.

You sat on a bench to my left with the entrance way between us and, next to you, an old-young lady with long white hair, thick glasses and a child’s smile. You never smiled I noticed. Occasionally during the stately measure of “ The Waves of Tory ”, you seemed to sleep nodding to and fro, keening for all you had seen in your long life. Even the intricate and quick stepping of the four hand reel never roused you and you watched “ The Walls of Limerick ” as gravely as the dancers went through their paces. I wonder if you noticed that I watched you? I hope not, as my respect for you was too deep for that, my respect for the life you must have seen here and for being as sad and as wise as time. Perhaps you were already born when the island was about to be evacuated and, in extremity, the islanders had turned the great stone on to the unfortunate ship sent out to evacuate them? At the east end then, with the whole population watching, she foundered and sank; all hands were drowned and there, behind the lighthouse, are the graves to prove it. Now the stone has been

lost and even Manus cannot remember, it is said, where it was hidden. Some think he has asked the priest to find it, while others say he knows, but that until he is dying he is not going to tell the secret. Cannot you remember? It is the only treasure the island has ever owned.

But then you were too tired to think and you closed your eyes constantly, although the end was not yet in sight. I felt, watching you as ever, that you knew it all. You knew that the girl back from Scotland, with the kiss curl and large mouth, with her petticoat showing below her pink dress, had already chosen the younger mattress man for "The Trip to the Cottage" in the ladies' choice. You knew she had chosen strangers before and that no one minded, and no one cared whether it was to the west end or to her parents' thatched home, where the old people slept, that she took them. You knew too that, in living memory, rats, unknown here, have been brought to the island as experiments, and have not even survived one night. That the first goat ever to come here was attacked by the donkeys, that rule the animal life and, scented as a dangerous rival, was killed by them and then eaten. You remember the last tiny king of the island and his dwarf wife banished to the country and you probably often helped to turn back the tax collectors, the men, who have still never succeeded in landing. Even if an islander has to be arrested the deed must be done at dead of night, when all are asleep. Then the gardaí creep up along the village street, off their boat, as thieves do, knowing that they themselves do wrong.

Your eyes are pale now, so pale that the long lashes outlining the slanting eyes below the deep lids seem accentuated. Your high wide cheeks too are as pale as polished ivory and no wrinkle shows on the finely stretched forehead. Your hair, parted down the middle, and full on both sides, sweeping downwards in identical curves each side of your face and then caught up again at the back, to prevent it falling loosely about your shoulders, shows no sign of grey. It is still the colour of the dulce that you have so often picked along the shore and chewed away at inside your thin, Gothic, mouth. Will you ever know how much I have wanted to put down, on my canvas, your ageless serenity? It would have been like capturing time, like seeing the end of space, or understanding immortality. Somehow I felt the possession of your likeness would give me the answer to all questions. Perhaps that

was why your permission was never given. Long after those great dreamy eyes have closed for the last time and the infinite sadness and tiredness of them can be seen no more, you will be remembered far away from the island that you had never left. Surely now you will never understand why I asked to paint you and why, to the astonishment of your niece, I did not prefer to choose another or, at her suggestion, to get myself a wife to paint at will. It may be better so, as written down, that brief sight of you has become vivid and will remain, never clouded, or dimmed, by afterthought. For me there was no one else that night in the old school house on the island.

VERSE CHRONICLE

By Padraic Fallon

BRUTUS ORCHARD by Roy Fuller. *Andre Seutsch.* 12s. 6d.

HEART OF GRACE by Patrick Galvin. *Linden Press.* 7s. 6d.

ACT ONE by Randolph Stow. *MacDonald.* 10s. 6d.

NETTLE & LAUGHTER by Royal Murdoch. *Fine Editions Press, New York.*

ENGLISH LOVE POEMS Edited by John Betjeman and Geoffrey Taylor.
Faber & Faber. 15s.

PENINSULA, An Anthology of Verse from the West Country. Edited by
Charles Causeley. *McDonald.* 10s. 6d.

TEN POEMS by Padraic Colum. *The Dolmen Press.* 10s. 6d.

The last quarter of 1957 did not arrive with the expected Christmas bang. The selection before me is not inspiring, and indeed outside a book from Roy Fuller, a well-established poet I find none of the irrational relief that is the fruit of any reasonably poetic speech.

Patrick Galvin, for instance, tries fancy to the limits and the poor jade stalls at the load—

I beat the four walls with my heart
And with a pin I scratched them
But it made no mark at all
Though I tried one day after another.
My soul burnt itself up
And a terrible ice grew round my breast
Then four men with strong faces
Tied me to a tree made of iron . . .

What's wrong with this? Too much Garcia Lorca—without the black iron and the castanets of gipsy tradition and the Spanish language. This, now, is a muted country and the violences, such as they are, need their own humdrum garb; above all, they require a casual everyday handling which allows of undertones and gives them room to come through the recording. A poem like 'My Little Red Knife' for instance is a vulgarity in its present form; it is fancy without art-purpose, a bodiless thing that needs surrealistic flesh and riper vocabulary. Frankly, I find no world in any of the poems, even in those that hint of Gaelic originals.

Roy Fuller goes from strength to strength. Here is sincerity at any rate; and through a normal vocabulary an intensity that puts the modern world in a truly personal focus. A poem like *AMBIGUITIES* makes a day's reading bright with concealed energies.

A blackbird, rather worn about the eyes,
Flaps down beside me as I clip the grass.
From its clenched bill protrudes a withered mass
Which with a sickened pity I surmise

To be the fronds of some malignancy
 That drives the bird to human company.
 But it contrives to take a garish moon
 Of caterpillar in that beak, and flies
 Away before the ambiguities
 Of pain and greed can be resolved. Too soon
 The questions are withdrawn that can demand
 Answers we dare not give or understand.
 The age regards me from the summer sky
 Where aircraft slowly chalk the blue with frost.
 And from those crumpled hopeless headlines tossed
 Upon the ageless fire. And while I try
 To balance barren anger and despair
 The creamy smoke boils upright in the air,
 And drifts away above the trees and street
 And mingles with the haze from factories—
 Organs that raised us, now monstrosities—
 That lie along the river-bank like fleets.
 The moving power of verse, as Hopkins said,
 Is love, and that emotion, if not dead,
 For me is thwarted by the manifest
 Falsehood of holy books that forecast good.
 The dying must be loathed, although he would
 Look on them differently; and the confessed
 And chronic choice by history of error
 Prints on the normal face a mask of terror.
 The ignorance and daftness of the mass;
 Are they irrelevant? I only know
 That pity is the best that I can show,
 Conscious that pity merely blurs the glass
 Which should send back an image, flawed maybe,
 But past such tiny human tragedy.

I quote this in full because it is poetry of normal human range, not great but tenderly sensitive to the great human predicament in which man hangs under the bomb. It is speech, too, from a special time and a definite place, an ordering into one minute cry of the whole psychology of unavailing protest.

In some poems, almost without reason, there is an Auden skeleton. SUMMER, for instance—

All living matter's power
 To reproduce its form
 Includes occasional error;
 In air and water swarm,
 Gorgeous beyond their title,
 The creatures; and the mother
 Sends out into the battle
 Past her retreating force

Fresh notions of brow and feather
To perpetuate the race.

Yeats, great Makar, is here too; and for the good, since Mr. Fuller's talent needs a ground-planning of comment when his themes are everyday. But I like best the Mythological Sonnets in which this poet looses the tethers and moves into his own well-wishing. These, actually, if I remember aright, won the Guinness award for the best series of poems—or one long poem, for 1956, and I must say that my judgement goes hand in glove with the assessors—

There actually stood the fabled riders,
Their faces, to be truthful, far from white;
Their tongue incomprehensible, their height
Negligible: in a word, complete outsiders.
Why had they come? To wonder at the tarts,
Trade smelly hides, gawp at the statuary,
Copy our straddling posture and our arts?
How right that we had not thought it fit to flee.
'Join us at cocktails, bathing?' No reply.
'Let's see your wild dances, hear your simple airs.'
No move save the shifting of a shifty eye.
Trailing great pizzles, their dun stallions
Huddled against the hedges while our mares
Cavorted on the grass, black, yellow, bronze.

What is one to say of a book recommended by the Poetry Book Society? Those great common Fronts have the disappointments of most communal art endeavours, I wouldn't have recommended this book myself for the Newdigate. The approach is strewn with the discarded props of past versifying. And there is little of the tensions that hold an attitude together. There is, of course, facility and a kind of cherub cock-a-snook gaiety—

All Hallows' Eve. The angel on the stone
Of Mary Johnson spreads his marble wings;
White crosses like bar boughs find leaf and bloom;
A cherub sings
From his long-frozen heart a joyful hymn
And hears it chimed by other cherubim.
A red rose cries: "Oh listen to me now,
My cruel dear, for I am come to plead
For Paddy Moore, in whose red heart I grow".
"Have you indeed?"
The white rose mocks. "Then say to Paddy Moore
That Hannah says the same she said before."

I am coming to the conclusion that there is now in America some new kind of sensibility in the making, an art in which whimsey, headlined, is arranging its own unburdened posters. And it has an aesthetic seriousness, which is the point, as if in the course of growing up it had a large affair with a Sur-Realist and pulled its exaggerations together to startle and maze less truculent and sedate

measures. Royal Murdoch gives me a glossy wallop with a New Yorker, it is pleasant and deliciously painful while it lasts—

Her presence was a basket of fruit
 New plucked, orchard dewed, and flavourful;
 She lived so bounteously
 Great whales bore gifts from arctic to antarctic,
 Seas and continents said "Thank you";
 For my poverty she performed the miracle
 Of five loaves and two fishes.
 Her going away was purposeless
 Like an unsaddled horse in a race;
 When I heard she was dead
 I groped all night through untouchable darkness
 Hunting for a constellation
 Until her empty shoes by the doorway taught me
 Sorrow is the universe.

Whimsical inflations, however, do not make a book, and when I pass on to other poems, I find not very much to shake the floor. There is an occasional burst of talent here and there, nothing to hold all a poem in one surprise, and when the poet tips off onto a parade of Limericks actual verbal wit, which other poems promise in abundance, seems to leave him entirely. Rarely have I read published Limericks with such a lack of wit.

Two anthologies this quarter, *English Love Poems*, edited by two old poetry-lovers and practising poets, John Betjeman and Geoffrey Taylor, from Chaucer to Richard Murphy, a young Irishman. 'This Anthology' says the introduction, 'has been compiled by two married men in their middle years. Each thinks he knows the joys of love fulfilled and the sorrows of love unrequited. Each believes, his like no other art, can crystallize by using the right words in the right order those thoughts and emotions which love provokes . . .' which is as lovely and lordly a confession of faith as one may hope from anybody, and let me say at once that it has been beautifully carried out.

Omissions there are. Valentine Iremonger has been represented with a delicately ominous snap-shot in which the time suddenly doffs its mask—

Her teeth were hedges of dense white sloe-blossom,
 Her hair a development of black. Down the afternoon
 From the rare peak of love, too, we are going, to the valley
 Of age, lurching and stumbling down its gothic alleys
 And grotesque approaches. "I'm going down." The gossip
 Of the wind in her hair will be stopped much too soon.

But there are good poems from other poets that have not been used, from Seumas O'Sullivan, Patrick MacDonagh, Austin Clarke, Blanaid Salkeld to name some.

Perhaps one of the most appealing—if one can use such a word—is *LINES ON A YOUNG LADY'S PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM* by a young poet, Philip Larkin—

My swivel eye hungers from pose to pose—
 In pigtails, clutching a reluctant cat;
 Or furred yourself, a sweet girl-graduate;
 Or lifting a heavy-headed rose
 Beneath a trellis, or in a trilby hat.

Oddly from William Empson comes a disappointing Villanelle. Even the master can do little with this form, which still wears its Dowson aura. The literary Nineties have tethered it to vine-leaves and melancholy. Day Lewis, also comes up with another Album poem which unfortunately for him cannot stand side by side with Philip Larkin's—

Then I turn the page
 To a girl who stands like a questioning iris
 By the waterside, at an age
 That asks every mirror to tell what the heart's desire is . . .

The rhyme here is frivolous. The last stanza, too, disturbs in another way. It is snug and smug, too open-vowelled in its benignity—

I close the book;
 But the past slides out of its leaves to haunt me
 And it seems wherever I look,
 Phantoms of irreclaimable happiness taunt me.
 Then I see her, petalled in new-blown hours,
 Beside me—'All you love most there
 Has blossomed again,' she murmurs, 'all that you missed there
 Has grown to be yours.'

Charles Causeley's anthology, *Peninsula*, is a different kettle of fish. His terms of reference, broadly, confines him not alone to poets born in the West country of England, the seven counties Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Somerset, Dorset, Devonshire and Cornwall, but to those who have shown any interest in it, since 'the western peninsula has always exerted a strong pull over creative artists of many kinds'. In other words, this is just another anthology of modern poets, with an excuse to represent some that are almost entirely unknown to us, and that's as good a reason as any other for gathering it together. In fact I know no better.

I renew an old love in meeting two poems from John Cowper Powys—

I never pass a sleeper's head
 But another head I see;
 And Christ—or Christ's own Mother—dead
 Lies there in front of me.
 O double life, O double death,
 When will these spells confused
 Dissolve 'neath some tremendous breath
 Or be forever fused?
 When will the house, the road, the shrine,
 No more their secret keep,
 And the human face seem as divine
 Awake, as in its sleep.

Not oddly there are a couple of poems on Thomas Hardy, a chill comment by Siegfried Sassoon—Old Mr. Hardy upright in his chair . . .

Head propped on hand, he sat with me alone,
Silent, the log fire flickering on his face.
Here was the seer whose words the world had known.
Someone had take Mr Hardy's place.

Which, as you might say, is something derogatory; Mr Sassoon shouldn't expect a masterpiece at a sitting. The tribute of a younger poet, Mr Day Lewis—cousinly, fatherly—brotherly?—is on the contrary a little too pat.

Represented favourably are Laurie Lee, whose work is always filled with the fresh air, Geoffrey Grigson, and standing out in ire and grandeur two large poems of George Barker's. John Betjeman is represented by some typical poems and Terence Tiller by two not very much in his kind . . . The better know poets, indeed, are here the stalwarts who carry the whole.

And now a little note on a new booklet by Padraic Colum, beautifully produced by The Dolmen Press. One can say nothing new about Colum, I seem myself to have said it all over and over again, yet here I touch the old magic once again as when I first read him in late boyhood. There are ten poems here, and all the things that have charmed him to his life, which in a way is also the life of Ireland, and I am glad to see that he has dedicated the book to another poet, 'once my mentor, always my friend', Seumas O'Sullivan. I can recommend it to anybody.

DRAMATIC COMMENTARY

By A. J. Leventhal

INBAL. The National Ballet and Dance Theatre of Israel. Gaiety Theatre.

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK. Dramatised by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. Gaiety Theatre.

HAMLET. By William Shakespeare. Cyril Cusack Productions. Gaiety Theatre.

It is surprising that the barely ten year old State of Israel can, in spite of her preoccupation with the task of consolidation, find time to devote herself to the arts and send round the world such cultural emissaries as the Habimah Players and now Inbal the national ballet. One would have expected something western tinged, perhaps, with a Russian flavour but the orient predominates among a mixture of modes in the manner in which the various themes are expressed by this company through mime, dance, speech, song and hand-drum.

The oriental is suggested because, for the most part, the subjects are drawn from Old Testament story or Jewish liturgy set against an Arab *ambiance*. This is due, of course, to the fact that the dancers are Yemenites settled in Israel, equally fluent in Arabic and Hebrew and with social customs that are still prevalent among Arab communities in the country. An example of this is the seven day wedding at which the bride uncovers her face for the first time to

the groom on the seventh day. This is certainly not the normal practice among Israelis who are even more advanced in these matters than ourselves. One can, nevertheless, sense the spirit of militancy abroad in the new State when so unpromising a theme—compared with the rest of a rather undramatic repertoire—as the assassination of the national enemy Sisera is danced with dramatic fervour. There are no gruesome details; Sisera does not appear but the total impression is one of a holy war directed by a Deborah with the same genes as Hecate.

There was a lovely choreographic illustration of the Jewish sabbath which is symbolised as the bride whom the lover husband welcomes—based on the text of the prayer-book—and danced with *sancta simplicitas* by Margaleth Oved and Meir Ovadia. The piece was entitled 'Shabbat Shalom' which is the Israeli greeting on this day and suggests the peace that should reign in its observance. There was an unexpected physical modesty in all the dances, not only as regards the clothes worn but in the general attitude of the sexes towards each other. A mild exception was a little scene in front of the curtain when a courting approach was made to a female character who flees leaving the young man to satisfy his passion by embracing a long cylindrical drum which he discards with a humorous gesture.

In most of the themes presented this laudable modesty was justified but it seemed odd in 'The Queen of Sheba' from which the traditionally doughty lover Solomon emerges as an intellectual, if cute, solver of riddles and Sheba, herself, as a lady who reserved her warmth for the boudoir. The tone is a far cry from the *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*. It must be remembered, however, that the Yemenites are orthodox Jews who have much in common with the Hassidic sect who believe in religion through joy and for whom dance and song are natural concomitants to prayer.

There are moments when the dancing, though derivative, takes on an individual aspect. We sense this when in 'The Wedding' the bearded barefooted dancers hide the newly married couple from view with a great melodic sweep of their striped praying shawls. A knowledge of Hebrew was helpful in following most of the spoken word though one regretted a lack of Arabic. The *compère*, however, did explain wittily, in advance, the course of the action.

Had the characters in *The Diary of Anne Frank* escaped in time to the country which has now sent us Inbal they would have been spared the terrors that befell them under the Nazis. If this play did not move Dublin audiences as it is reported to have done those in Germany, this might, in part, be attributed to a lack of a sense of guilt so far as the local playgoers were concerned. However, this play, if one can so call a progression of events in an Amsterdam hideout punctuated by a narrator's extracts from the diary on which it is based, does not, in effect, point to one sinning nation but involves the whole civilised world in responsibility for the cruel annihilation of innocent people and the tragic waste in the cutting off of vibrant youth.

There is drama—understandably neurotic in its nature—in the reaction to each other of the various individuals compelled to remain in a large room throughout the war with the consciousness of the doom awaiting them if discovered. The impending horror of the gas-chambers is pathetically lightened by the burgeoning of adolescent love between Anne Frank and Peter Van Daan. The former part was played with unaffected sincerity by Finola O'Shannon who

coped magnificently with the greatest rôle in her short stage career. Sincerity, too, marked the performance of Alexander Kardan as Anne's father.

The production was somewhat marred by a loud speaker which distorted the sound of the narrator's explanations of the passage of time as well as the readings from the diary. Despite the irritation caused by this mechanical failure the dignity with which the whole sad performance was enacted by all the players made ample amends.

There is no such thing as one way of playing a Shakespearean part just as there is no single way of playing a Chopin Sonata. The history of the stage makes it clear that with the centuries and indeed often in the course of one or two generations interpretations of key parts vary. The rôle of Shylock, for example, has moved a long way from the original comic Elizabethan figure to the more-sinned-against-than-sinners reading of the part by contemporary actors.

In the same way Hamlet has, through the centuries, been dealt with at one time as a cool calculating philosopher, at another as an all-passionate creature taking breath in the soliloquies or indeed as a distraught madman killing his friends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern for their sycophancy and Polonius because he is 'a foolish prating knave'. Often all these interpretations are put before us at the same time.

We went to the Gaiety Theatre to see an individual interpretation of the name part in *Hamlet* by Cyril Cusack and we were not disappointed. He was dressed in the traditional manner but he made few other concessions in the delivery of his lines. One does not require modern dress to make one feel the actuality of his reading of the rôle. The *malaise* of our generation was revealed in his incomprehension of the vicissitude of 'these pury times' and it was contemporary youth that railed against the Court and Royalty in which Hamlet had no interest. He hesitated again and again to act in revenge of a wrong done to him and, Cusack made us believe, to his generation.

In this Hamlet, shyness was used to compound his hesitations and loud speech to still the fighting in his heart. The rhythms of the blank verse were not always conveyed but must verse plays be slaves to the ictus. No audience wishes to visualise the stanza at the expense of the sense. This was a unique performance echoing the life around us, one we would gladly see again.

One might cavil at Christopher Casson's Ghost because it was too good, too overpowering in speech coming as it did from a spirit but perhaps this phantom lacked the insubstantiality of the species since the canonised bones had burst their cerements. Michael MacLiammoir's King was confident but played with the kind of sneer that one only expects from melodramatic villains. Coralie Carmichael's Queen carried the difficult burden of mother to Hamlet and wife to a fratricide with soft spoken dignity. Valery Craig just failed to evoke our pity in her mad scene but she used her clear enunciation to great effect earlier. A memorable performance came from Milo O'Shea who, as a Gravedigger, used his local accent to evoke general merriment, a much needed relief in this tragedy.

ART NOTES

By Arland Ussher.

FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURE. Municipal Gallery of Modern Art.
DRAWINGS BY PAULINE BEWICK. The Clog Gallery.

OIL PAINTINGS, PASTELS AND SCULPTURE, BY JEAN RENARD-GOULET. Brown
Thomas's Little Theatre.

RECENT PAINTINGS, BY GERARD DILLON. The Dawson Gallery.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY PATRICK HENNESSY. Ritchie Hendriks Gallery.

PAINTINGS BY FERGUS O'RYAN. The Dawson Gallery.

DRAWINGS BY LESLIE MAC WEENEY. The Clog Gallery.

However the case may be with painting, there would seem to be something in sculpture that agrees with the Irish temper. We have here a fine tradition—reaching from the early Crosses to the Customs House heads—and I remember how impressed was Henry Moore by the primitive carvings in our Museum. Ireland has never lacked sculptural talent; and one regrets that the sculptor today (apart from the furnishing of cemeteries) is usually fated to be a mere interesting amateur, owing to the almost unmarketable nature of his product. Sculpture is not utilised in conjunction with architecture to anything like the extent that it could be. Everyone knows how a blank wall or façade can gain expression and character from a sculptural niche or plaque, so that even the pedantic science of heraldry had a function which today goes ill-supplied.

The annual Sculpture Exhibition, held last Autumn, contained a quite exceptional amount of good work. I remember particularly Patrick McElroy's brass-and-steel statuette *The Golden Bough*, combining lightness with the sombre gravity of the guardian of the grove—"the priest who slew the slayer"; Imogen Stuart's *St. Colmcille* in elm-wood, with its almost preternatural peace, as of a soaring spirit; Oisín Kelly's fine *Hawk*; and Leo Broe's original and dramatic conception *The Kiss*. In "straight" portraiture, the same sculptor's bronze head of William Carson of Newfoundland (among others commissioned by the Newfoundland Government) expressed a great deal of the character of a builder of the New World.

Desmond Broe's *Killarney Rock'n Roll* was to me a most moving and impressive work, with its suggestion of some chthonic god of prehistory, part woman and part animal. It is more truly primitive and "numinous" than Moore's much-discussed *Reclining Figure*, which it a little resembles, for Moore's pin-headed figures—emphasising static form and structure—hardly seem as if immobilised in a frenzy of movement. Whether or not this astonishing creation was really inspired by "rock-an'-rolling", it is clear that its plastic implications go far beyond its nominal subject.

Before such a work as Broe's *Rock'n Roll*, people will raise again that weary problem of "Beauty". One might reply by asking simply, Is a hippopotamus beautiful? (Incidentally, there is one, by Helmut Mueller, in this exhibition.)

And can Nature contain unbeautiful objects ? I would say the hippo is beautiful—not in itself, like some geometric patterns—but because it is perfectly coherent within a certain environment. Similarly, Mr. Broe's statue has great beauty, not in the Greek sense of mathematical symmetry, but because it carries some of its own air around it. And the same is true of that figure of Henry Moore, by which many good people were so much upset.

I cannot speak of the Oireachtas, which I was unable to visit, but I felt a fierce regret on learning that three fine Jack Yeats' were hung there—those magical colour-harmonies which will doubtless now appear less and less often in public exhibitions. What a pity that a Yeats Memorial Museum was not founded, where the faithful could return and again return to see those paintings, now lost to them forever by the ban on reproduction—where our foreign visitors could form a judgment of him who (when all reserves are made) was Ireland's premier painter—might obtain glimpses of that vivid and transient phase of Irish life which he interpreted. Gauguin and Van Gogh are now pin-ups in every home, but what will our grandchildren know of Jack Yeats—a great symbolist and expressionist as they were ? There is matter here for tears.

Mr. Renard-Goulet (who is a naturalised Irishman) is a strong and accomplished portraitist in sculpture—and would be one in paint also, but for his (I think misguided) penchant for landscape. Unfortunately his oil-paintings, and still more his pastels, tend to be crude in colour and to lack atmosphere—though the woman and child in *Evening* are finely realised. His girls' heads a little recall Epstein, though there is, I think, no direct influence. The sculpture of *The Dying Christ* is in a class by itself ; the artist has portrayed pain, and the weariness after suffering, with the moving realism of a Gothic wood-carving. If this work lacks perhaps the peace—the *Consummatum Est*—of the finest representations of the Passion, it is also free from any trace of conventional insipidity.

The latest exhibition by Gerard Dillon was a real event in the artistic calendar. Although, owing to a temporary absence from town, I was able to see only the unsold remnants, there was not among these one dull picture. Mr. Dillon is an artist who has always had his faithful sect of believers, even when his talent was almost entirely decorative and descriptive. Today their faith is justified ; we have the refreshing (and rare) spectacle of a whimsical illustrator and narrator in paint who has made himself a true painter. He could very easily have rested content in his attractive and popular Celtic-medieval manner, but he has striven, consistently and persistently, to get closer to his own way of seeing the Irish scene. In this, his progress runs parallel to that of every good Irish poet in our time—from Yeats to Clarke ; and Mr. Dillon is essentially a poet.

Gerard Dillon has always had a humorous and dramatic sense of life ; he is distinctively a painter of human types—involved, like himself, in some private dream, contemplation or nostalgia. In such a psychological approach there was a danger of " literature " and the mere cartoon ; and in fact up till the present he has shown much less of a plastic sense of paint. Now the balance is being righted ; each of his latest pictures that I have seen has a strong rhythm (without his former frequent effect of studio posing), subtle sequences of planes and some fine passages of colour. *Gas Stove* is a pattern of blues and greys created from the most unlikely materials, *Three Women* conveys boredom as much by the spatial

recession as by the woeful expressions of the cottagers, *Cloak and Cupboard* is as rich and formally satisfying as some Dutch interiors.

This artist has still some obvious faults. He is too fond of dragging old studio-properties into his pictures (that lamp in his fine picture *The Dreamer*—where have I seen it before? Surely in Van Gogh.) But he does not, like several more highly-considered Irish painters, pass from one fashionable mode to another, without ever finding an individual accent or giving us a fresh interpretation of reality.

The exhibition of Patrick Hennessy sets us once more before the problem of this very important painter. The saying of Blake, that Beauty is in minute particulars, can be fitly applied to this artist's work. In his rendering of surface-textures—the skin of a fruit, the glaze of a pot, the grain of a piece of wood—he has no rival (unless it be that superb technician of an older generation, Sir Gerald Festus Kelly). Nor is this merely the imitative realism dear to the philistine; like any true painter, the pleasure he communicates is his sensuous feeling for paint (as a comparison with even the best photography would show). But somehow when Mr. Hennessy gets out of doors, his magic (which still glimmers faintly in his many pictures of stone statuary) tends to go dead; for he imposes the same slightly artificial stillness on his landscapes and coast-scenes. This is a mood which one can indeed feel before Nature at certain hours, notably in the evening; but it is a dangerous mood for the painter, because the result on canvas is always something sentimental. Such a picture as *Mountain and Lake, Connemara* literally brings a sob to the throat; *Towards Lahinch* is a postcard dream of sand and summer haze.

That Mr. Hennessy is himself aware of something wrong is shown by his attempt to make his pictures amusing, by odd perspectives (as in No. 7, a picture of Venice, where the boy's head in the foreground blots out half the Piazza of St. Mark), or by the satiric fantasy which makes him hint at something akin in the outlines of Gargoyle and Nun in No. 24. These tours de force strike us simply as a false note (though one likes the attitude of the child in the foreground of No. 22); for Mr. Hennessy is not that kind of artist at all.

If, as we are told, the Moon has "no atmosphere", that seems a very good reason why no artist should want to go there. It must be said that Mr. Hennessy's use of atmosphere is extremely subtle and exact. His pictures have a deceptive look of being airless, but this is because he is not much interested, in the Impressionist manner, in the effect of light on colour; his light is the cold light that "falls from the air", or creeps around objects in an unshuttered room. His command of this intangible substance is what raises him above many quite delicate and tasteful painters of flowers and fruit, and even gives a depth to his landscapes.

Fergus O'Ryan is an example of an agreeable painter, who fails (so to speak) to mix his pigments with air—whose handling, in other words, is not plastic. His form and colour are good so far as they go; he has learned from the impressionists to divide his tones and from the cubists to sharpen his angles; but the alley-ways and gateways he shows us lack all feeling of mystery, simply because they *do not enclose space*. Jack Yeats did not always achieve depth by roughness of surface, and certainly Mr. O'Ryan (who is almost equally addicted to the palette-knife) fails to do so. Nevertheless, there is a pleasant decorative

quality in *Venice*, in *Spanish Fishermen* (though the men are too obviously posed) and in his water-colour of the Quai d'Orléans. Curiously, though Mr. O'Ryan gives us pictures of many countries in this exhibition, one receives very little sense of contrast between them—for the reason that, while the paintings have a wide range of colour, they have almost no real differences in tone and atmosphere.

The Clog (in Clarendon Row off Chatham Street), with its pleasant student-café atmosphere, is the perfect venue for "coming-out" exhibitions by our younger artists; after Camille Souter (who is, however, more than a starter), we have had Pauline Bewick and Leslie MacWeeney. Pauline Bewick is a linear artist with a gift of fantasy and a sense of fun, who can combine beasts, gods and exotic vegetation in delightful arabesques. Her figures, however, tend to be the stock figures of cubist-classical design rather than anything "intuited" or felt. In her drawings of crowds in the café and the cinema, she shows a satiric bent; but again, she seems only to work pleasantly and fluently within a satiric convention. Miss Bewick only needs something personal to express (whether with love or with hate) to be a fine artist. At present she is in danger of getting "stuck" in mere decorative modishness, and one hopes that those critics are wrong who acclaim her style as being fully-developed. It was Cocteau (and not Ruskin) who said, "Everything that is not believed remains decoration".

Leslie MacWeeney is another talented draughtsman, whose work we have become familiar with in recent Living Art shows, and in the publications of the Dolmen Press. Using by preference the thick heavy strokes of Rouault, she gives us figures that impress by their gravity and intensity, with a touch also of pathos. Both she and Miss Bewick may be advised to experiment more with colour (though the latter already shows a fine colour-instinct in such pictures as *In the Sun* and *Morpheus*). About mere line-drawing there is always something academic and illustrative, and the modern trend has been largely towards creating form directly from colour. The saying of Delacroix is as true as ever, "Une oeuvre figurative doit être surtout une fête pour les yeux".

Mr. Howard Knee's exhibition in Brown Thomas's was notable for the confident remark of Mr. McLeod, who opened it, that he had "no time for modern art". As Mr. Knee is evidently one of those artists for whom the Ambassador *has* time, he falls outside our criticism, which is concerned with contemporary work.

VOLVERE VOLUMINA HIBERNIAE

By RICHARD BEST

[This broadcast of an "unscripted" B.B.C. talk was printed in our July-September issue from a defective and inaccurate typescript, which contained many errors. In the circumstances we now reprint it as very kindly taken down by the Irish Folklore Commission from the actual Record for the author, who by a regrettable oversight did not see either "copy" or a proof in the first instance.]

Yes! to talk Irish well is a lifetime's work; but to talk well about Irish would take all the lifetimes of all the men who have ever studied its language and literature; for the vernacular literature of ancient Ireland is the earliest voice that comes to us from the dawn of Western European civilisation. And so—with that in mind—I am going to talk about an Irish grammarian I knew; for one sounding bee can tell you more about summer than can the sight of all the flowers in the world.

In particular, I remember Bergin, that really great scholar. I remember him saying to me once: "No one knows Irish—I don't know Irish". "Well," I said, "if you don't know Irish, Bergin, I don't."

Bergin, of course, had no sense of time. He spent thirty-five years on his great edition of an Irish metrical tract and when he died he had to leave it unfinished. He was unhurried. Where others, mistrusting, might have said—"But time escapes", his reply would have been that of Browning's Grammarian, who might have been Bergin himself:—"What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes, Man has forever".

How well I remember meeting Bergin for the first time in 1904. You see, Irish studies had been languishing in Dublin, so Kuno Meyer founded the School of Irish Learning and he brought over his friend John Strachan, a Scotsman, as its first lecturer, and I was the honorary secretary. Over forty attended this first course, and among them I remember was Mr. Pearse, who was afterwards executed for his part in the insurrection of 1916. I remember some of the students used to speak of Bergin of Cork as the man who knew more Irish than anybody else, and I used to get a little bit irritated at this: "Who is Bergin of Cork? I've never heard of him". So at any rate Bergin of Cork came up to the second course by Strachan in 1904, and I remember hearing a knock at the door, and going down, there before me was a man—I remember his tan kid gloves, a moustache, and knickerbockers, and he said: "I am Bergin of Cork", so I brought him upstairs, "as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled a ship". Strachan was in the middle of his lecture, standing in a sea of chalk, because Strachan always held the chalk too high up, and it was constantly snapping off. So I said: "Professor Strachan, this is Professor Bergin of Cork", and Strachan bowed to the ground before him, and Bergin then took his seat beside me; and I'll never forget this, that Strachan, was reading at the moment and discussing with us a great Irish saga, and the word "*clúm*" occurred in it, and Strachan said—"Well, I wonder what the origin of that word is—what it really means?" So I ventured to suggest humbly—Latin *pluma*, and Strachan

said rather contemptuously : " Why should a word like *pluma* have to be borrowed?" So, at any rate, Bergin nudged me, and I found he had written down in his book—" Irish *clúm*, Latin *pluma* ". And I felt greatly bucked up with this, after Strachan's snub. So now I'm told that "*clúm*" is Latin *pluma*— but "*clúm*" in Irish didn't mean a feather, but rather a feather bed, you see. So Bergin and I became great friends. And he looked over the first Irish text which I had edited myself, which happened to be in classical Irish, and when I asked Strachan to explain some difficulties, he said : " You'd better ask Bergin about it. He knows more about that than I do ". Anyway, he thought so much of Bergin that a special scholarship was given him to go to Germany for two years. So Bergin then went to Germany, and he went to Zimmer in Berlin as his first professor, and he often used to tell me about his disputing with Zimmer during the course of the lectures, because, of course, he would see where Zimmer was wrong ; and on several occasions, Zimmer, when he was worsted, used to say, " Weiter ! " that is, " Go on ! " But of course Bergin had a great admiration for Zimmer's originality. Anyway Bergin when he returned was made Lecturer at the School of Irish learning, in place of Strachan, who once said to me—" Bergin will before long step into my shoes ".

One day when Meyer was staying in Dublin—he generally stayed with us—I came back that evening and found Meyer extended on the sofa, somewhat tired. He had been with Bergin the whole afternoon in a café, so I said to him " How did you get on with Bergin ? " and he said " Wonderfully well ". And then in his magisterial way—" I have now come to the conclusion that Bergin knows more Irish than anybody ". So I was delighted to hear this of course because Bergin was "*our* man ". " What ! " I said, " more than Stokes ? " " Yes ! " " More than Strachan ? " " Yes ! " " More than Windisch ? " " Yes ! " " More than Thurneysen ? " " Yes ! " and other great Continentals whom I named : " Yes ! " " How have you come to that conclusion ? " " Well," he said, " every linguistic problem I discussed with Bergin he had the solution for it at once." And that, of course was true. Bergin hadn't then read as much Old and Middle Irish as Meyer had, certainly not as much as Stokes, but he had that inner knowledge which they never had—the knowledge of Irish idiom and the living language, and that's what impressed Meyer. Other very competent scholars today hold the same opinion that Bergin knew Irish better than anybody and that he was a better scholar than all those great scholars though he had no urge to publish. He, Bergin, then, was like an examiner—he was a corrector, he saw the mistakes in other people's work, and he once lamented to me that he *was* that. He said " That's due to my beginnings as a teacher in a Grammar School. I had to read over exercises and compositions of the students, and I would say to myself—" Well, there must be some mistake here : Where is it ? And I would look until I found the mistake ". So he became, against his own natural inclinations, a hunter for mistakes. And Bergin saw mistakes almost everywhere. I remember once walking down Grafton Street with him. There was a streamer across the street, in Irish, about some fête that was coming off. And Bergin looking up at the streamer, said " Eight mistakes ! " So I ignorantly pointed out what I thought was one, and Bergin said " Why ? " That was a great word of his—that " Why ". So of course I was wrong.

Father Peter O'Leary he admired beyond every other writer of modern Irish. He loved Father Peter, and Father Peter loved him. Father Peter died, and Bergin

went to his funeral, and when the coffin was being lowered into the ground, Bergin stepped forward and looked at the coffin and turned away with agony on his face, and some friend taking his arm to condole with him said: "Oh this is indeed sad", and Bergin pointed to the coffin and said: "Five mistakes". He had noticed there were five mistakes on the brass name-plate. He was a very critical man. I never myself ventured to pronounce a phrase of Irish in his presence, because he would put his fingers in his ears and make a grimace. And once I did, and he said—"The Irish which you speak reminds me of the Irish which one would use in a public house". Well, I never frequented a public house, and neither did Bergin for that matter. Sarah Purser painted Bergin's portrait and asked me round to see it. I remember Douglas Hyde was there, and Hyde, when the portrait was hoisted on to the easel said, "But who is it? Who is it?" and she naturally looked very crest-fallen. "Is it the judge?" he said. "Yes," I said, "it's the judge of us all. It's Bergin."

My own interest in Irish began in the late 1890s when John Millington Synge, the dramatist, brought me to hear D'Arbois de Jubainville lecture on Irish in the Collège de France. D'Arbois wanted to have an Irishman who knew Irish in his class, and when he met Synge afterwards, he was introduced to him by Miss Maud Gonne, he said, "Mais je vous payerai monsieur". And Synge said, "Oh sir, it would be a very great honour to go to your courses. I wouldn't think of taking anything for it". Of course Synge knew that D'Arbois didn't know that he never was what you would call an Irish scholar. Synge had just come from the Aran islands when I met him. Anyway, it was a turning point in my life. When I went back to Dublin I began to learn Irish, and in 1903 when Kuno Meyer founded the School of Irish Learning he felt the necessity of giving some training in the science of phonetics. And to that end he brought over that great master of phonetics, Henry Sweet, to give a course of Lectures. Sweet—how well I remember it—Sweet was a dry little man, but no teacher. So when I brought him up to the class to deliver his opening lecture, he put his hand over his mouth—a way he had—and laughed, and said: "But what am I to say—what am I to say?" "Oh," I said: "Just tell us what phonetics are—give us a few general hints about it, and the importance of the subjects."

"After all, the Irish," he said, in a skit he published later, "are not so very quick at learning as I expected. The fact is they are too quick, they overleap themselves, they haven't patience enough. The Protestant Archbishop (that was how he referred to me) is the best in the class. But then he is half a Scotsman like most of the Ulster people."

Sweet—Andrew Lang called him *Bitter Sweet*—was really the founder of English phonetics. It may not be generally known, but in Bernard Shaw's play, *Pygmalion*, Sweet was the original of Higgins, the character who trained the flower girl to pronounce English with a society accent.

Yes, Sweet *was* bitter, in a good many ways. Meyer told me that his favourite amusement was to dictate dialogues between two Oxford dons into his phonograph—there was no gramophone then—and then he would sit down at the far end of the room and, turning it on, would shake with laughter at his own wit. He was a disappointed man; he never got the chair at Oxford which he thought he ought to have got. And Sir John Rhys, who knew him well, told me that once he was walking

down the Broad with his wife, and they met Sweet. Sweet, of course, took off his hat and greeted them. But Rhys said: "Then I saw Sweet reflected in a mirror, turning round and shaking his fist at me". Yes. Bitter Sweet! Kuno Meyer, on the other hand, was the kindest of men, and just to show how greatly beloved he was by his friends and colleagues, on his birthday they used to have a dinner in his honour and various friends would send in contributions to it, generally little poems. Sir Walter Raleigh, for instance, and John Sampson, who was the librarian at Liverpool University and an old gipsy friend of Meyer's. Here is one on his fiftieth birthday, by Sampson, based on an ancient Irish metre: It's called "A Clap on the Back for Kuno":—

Halfway house!
To Valhalla where carouse
Zeuss and Zumpt; where Pott and Bopp
Stop.

In this age,
When the feeble folk allege
That we're all too old at—when?
Ten?

Up our sleeve
We've a trump card I believe,
'Sirs, do you know
Kuno?'

Kuno Meyer
Is a theme that might inspire
Balder bards than I to worse
Verse.

Like a rock
That has stood the tempest's shock,
Kuno at this vain world's wiles
Smiles.

His great name
Puts all lesser lights to shame,
Making feats that we think tall
Small.

So I raise
This full glass in Kuno's praise,
Wishing him with heart and soul
Skool!

May you live
While this world has aught to give!
And when tedium wafts you sky-
High,

May none carp
When you take the biggest harp!
May the cloud on which you sit
Fit!

Kuno Meyer—oh he was so gracious and nice to me when I first met him in Dublin. I remember seeing him then talking to the great Zimmer, and when I mentioned this to him afterwards he said "Oh yes, that was the first time I spoke to Zimmer. I felt the time had come to bury the hatchet". You see Meyer and Zimmer had taken different sides over an unfair attack which Zimmer had made on their old master Windisch, the Celtic scholar. Windisch, I met later in Leipzig: he had just celebrated his seventieth birthday, and Kuno Meyer brought me to see him, a nice old man with a little skull cap and a white beard, and a beautiful rosy complexion. And I'll never forget sitting in his study with him, and how he began to talk about Irish scholarship and things in general. When he saw that I understood something of his German (for he was a Saxon), we discussed Irish scholarship.

"Herr Professor," I said. "Do tell me—wasn't it you who first introduced Nietzsche to Wagner?" "Oh yes" he said, "It was." And then he knew Nietzsche very well, of course, for Nietzsche when a young man was a lecturer in philosophy in Leipzig. Wagner it seems had invited them both to dinner one evening. The Wagners lived, I suppose, in great style, for it was necessary to dress to go to dinner with the Wagners. But Nietzsche had no evening clothes, so he ordered an evening suit, and the tailor brought the suit to his rooms, to fit it on that very evening, while Windisch was there; and when he had put on the trousers, the tailor presented the bill for the suit to Nietzsche, but poor Nietzsche hadn't money to pay for it, and the tailor wouldn't take his word for it that he would pay him later on. So then and there the tailor began to draw the trousers off Nietzsche, and left him standing in his shirt. So Windisch had to go round to the Wagners alone and excuse the absence of Nietzsche.

Yes, Windisch was not the only eminent Celtic scholar who knew Nietzsche, because Thurneyson also did. When he was an undergraduate, he told me, Nietzsche sent for him and said "If you come to my courses, I will make a superman of you". But Thurneyson didn't want to become a superman, so he didn't go. But, I said to Thurneyson, "you *have* become a superman, all the same", and he laughed deprecatingly.

Anyhow, it was Kuno Meyer who took me to see Windisch in Leipzig. Meyer had a missionary zeal for Irish, but he loved English literature, and he never travelled without a volume of Jane Austin, and he loved to repeat Milton's sonnets, and he delighted in Borrow whom he once met. No one else translated the early Irish lyrical nature poems so beautifully as Meyer: he seemed to skim the cream off Irish poetry. He liked meeting people, and distinguished people especially. He used to write to me almost every week for years and he would tell me, for instance, of his calling on Theodore Roosevelt in Germany, and talking to him about Irish mythology. Meyer liked Society and felt perfectly at home in it. How very different from Bergin. Bergin had a simpler nature. He didn't like carriage-people or Colonels or "big-house" folk, or going out to dinner in evening dress. He didn't even like taking the middle of the road, as we generally did when walking down a village street: he looked upon that as rather uppish. I'll never forget when Dr. Binchy, our Minister in Berlin, asked us to go and stay with him there one Easter. My dear wife couldn't go, and so I asked—"May I bring Bergin?" I'll never forget Bergin. When we got to Berlin the Legation car met us, and it was a magnificent car with its chauffeur and I thought Bergin looked a bit embarrassed and uneasy because he certainly wasn't going to Dunquin where Binchy would have met him with a sweater on and

no hat. When we arrived at the Legation, the Thurneysens were fellow guests at the time, and Dr. Binchy, bringing Bergin into the spacious *salon* said, "Well, I hope, Bergin, you'll be happy here and enjoy yourself, and stay as long as you like." and Bergin, rather brushing him aside and looking up at the lofty ceiling, said "Ah, le silence de ces espaces infinis m'effraye". Bergin denied afterwards that he had said any such thing, but I said, "It was a very witty thing to say, Bergin. I wish I had thought of saying it. It is Pascal". "Oh, I know it's Pascal," he said. But I'll never forget how Bergin cheered up when we were leaving Berlin. I was going on to Amsterdam and The Hague to see the picture galleries, but he—*he* was going back home to his beloved Cork, and he was a different man already. He was at home in Cork. He had a Cork accent, somewhat toned down, but it came back when in Cork. He began to talk something like this—"Look that's St. Patrick's" he would say—a regular Corkman.

Many regard Bergin as the best poet in present day Irish, and he may well have shared their opinion, for a well-known Irish scholar used to tell how he once overtook Bergin in Grafton Street, reading, as his habit was, and the book he was reading was his own *Irish Poems*.

Bergin had a gift for writing satirical verse to amuse his friends, not only in English and Irish, in honour of men like Thurneysen and others, but also in Latin, Greek and even in Sanscrit. One of his best loved friends was AE, and Bergin published two little poems entitled "If AE had written the Iliad and the Odyssey". The first is called "The Iliad". Here it is:

I saw the galleys on the golden strand
The rolling chariots and the blazing spears,
The leagured loveliness, the suppliant hand,
The vengeance and the tears.
And far above the dust of destinies,
From their ambrosial halls of amethyst
The awful eyes of plumed deities
Looked downwards through the mist.
And past was fused in present, hate in love,
Unconscious joy and conscious pain were mute
There where immortal valour vainly strove
Against the absolute.

And then the Odyssey:

No, not for thee the wine-dark wave
And Circe's palace of delights,
Calypso's isle and Cyclops' cave,
The Læstrygonian appetites,
The straining oars, the low'ring skies,
The Sirens' call and seabirds' scream
All are illusions to the wise,
Shapes of the sundered self in dream.
Turn back, O Wanderer, curb thy will,
Forget the clamour of the sea,
Sit by the cleansed hearth, be still
And contemplate Infinity.

It has often occurred to me that if Bergin had published nothing over his own name, a critical historian of the future would say: "This man Bergin must have known Irish better than anyone else, because of the tributes paid to him by great

scholars like Stokes, Meyer, Strachan, Thurneysen and others, for solving their problems and correcting their errors. His chief contribution to old Irish grammar, made towards the end of his life, and which will ultimately be known as Bergin's Law, had to do with the syntax of the verb—the most difficult verb in any Indo-European language. Here Bergin was able to solve a problem which had baffled all other scholars.

Dante speaks somewhere of those who wilfully lived in sorrow, and it seemed to me at times that Bergin, one might say, wilfully lived in boredom. He was easily bored, and I remember well at a garden party in John Eglington's, when George Moore consulted him on some point of grammar. Bergin began to explain the true function of a grammarian, and Moore said rather puzzled "But now you bore me Bergin". And Bergin said rather rudely—"I have as much right to bore you, Mr. Moore, as you have to bore me".

How well I remember seeing him for the last time in his coffin. He appeared to be bored even by the length of the prayers and the tributes that were offered over him. I took my last farewell of my dear old friend. I remember I bent over and touched his ice-cold brow with my lips, and it seemed at the time to tranquilise him a bit. His passing we all felt was like the parting of day and night. To know Irish as people know other languages one would have to pray in the words of an old Irish prayer for long life—"May I live a hundred times a hundred years, each hundred of them apart. I summon their boons to me. May the Grace of the Holy Spirit be upon me! Domini est salus, Domini est salus, Domini est salus; Christi est salus, Christi est salus, Christi est salus. Super populum tuum, Domine, benedictio tua".

BOOK REVIEWS

IRISH FAMILIES : THEIR NAMES, ARMS AND ORIGINS. By Edward MacLysaght, D.Litt., M.R.I.A. Dublin : Hodges, Figgis. £5 5s.

The amount of specialised knowledge and research required in the preparation of this important work might have warranted close co-operation of a committee of experts in the exacting sciences of heraldry and genealogy and history ; as it is, Dr. MacLysaght's volume, which will have permanency with the reference mediums already established, is sound, reliably informative and very interesting. A purpose is to correct or confirm some doubtful material contained in earlier mediums, of foreign origin. Minor slips and omissions, unavoidable in a new work of this magnitude, have been brought to the author's notice, and these, it is understood, will be dealt with in the edition which is in preparation.

When the Government of Ireland took over the Office of Arms and modified its functions to conform with national conditions and outlook, there was no incongruity in democratizing it. A heraldic office flourished in the Venetian Republic. So, while we are reminded that what now is known as the Genealogical Office was established by the eighth Henry of England, it would have been in keeping with policy to mention Christopher Ussher, the worthy citizen who "fathered" it and who was the first Ulster King of Arms. The arms of the Usshers, displayed murally in Lord Edward Street, are familiar in Dublin, and they would not have been out of place in this book, wherein, incidentally, the Right Rev. James Ussher, D.D., Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All Ireland, is degraded to "*Most*" Rev. Archbishop of Dublin ! (In Ussher's Communion, *Most* appertains to Bishops of Meath only.)

There is a lucid, explanatory article on Alteration and Changing of Names, and farther on we find a perfect, unintended, example of the traps which lie on the path of even the most wary of searchers—the introduction of Henry, 1st Marquess of Conyngham, to the family of O'Cunigan. The ennobled Conynghams came from Scotland, in the seventeenth century ; the succession failed (d.s.p. in 1781) and their estates passed to Francis Burton of Buncratty, father of Henry, who by royal licence assumed the surname and title and arms of Conyngham.

In the most admirable section of the book there are twenty-seven colour-plates, done superbly by Myra Maguire, Heraldic Artist to the Genealogical Office, each showing the coats of arms and the blazons of nine Irish families. These, we take it, are all which Dr. MacLysaght accepts as being authentic ; and while not doubting competent authority, it may be wondered why so many of the bearings and mottoes shown in other works have been discarded. So, too, with the matter of direct descent and division—when a family has more than one main sept, to which does the one coat of arms belong ?

Five of the six full-length articles are usefully informative on the proper use and prevailing misuse of the prefixes Mac and O, Distortion of Surnames, Distribution and Continuity. The approximation of Christian names, for four Counties only, are not convincing ; based on electoral registers, they do not include the under-age population. If the national resurgence inspired 60 per cent.

of Sullivans in one area and during 30 years to adopt the prefix O, it is quite likely that in another area, but in the same period, it has reversed the positions in the scale of baptismal nomenclature.

In succinct biographical notes, the national importance of members of 53 Anglo-Irish families is acknowledged appreciatively, from Balfe to Yeats: but it would have been kinder to ignore the Wellesleys, who are mentioned, apologetically, because "they contributed nothing to the welfare of Ireland and only indirectly, if at all, to her prestige." Yet, an illustrious Wellesley championed Catholic Ireland when he veritably fought the Emancipation Bill through the British Parliament.

Short articles on the origins, divisions and surviving lines of more than 300 Gaelic and Norman families will stand, after a few minor revisions, as valuable and permanent records. Occasionally in the qualifications of individual merits the author's standard has been interpreted loosely, fleeting popularity being admitted and the lasting fame of superior genius or talent neglected. The briefest of notes on the O'Sheridans ought to include Richard Brinsley's granddaughters, Helen Selina (Lady Dufferin) and Caroline (Norton). Thomas Sheridan (1719-1788) was the husband of Frances, *née* Chamberlain (1724-1766) and the father of Richard Brinsley.

PRE-FAMINE IRELAND: A STUDY IN HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY. By T. W. Freeman. Manchester University Press. 35s. net.

This is a solidly written book by the Manchester professor who won many friends here and universal esteem when he was in Trinity College, Dublin. The tone, somewhat academic and remote, is set in the first sentence of the Preface; "Irish conversation is not infrequently concerned with Oliver Cromwell and the Famine: only the latter is considered in this book". The result is a very interesting example of the work of the comparatively recent University subject of Geography; neither geology, nor history, nor climatology, nor agriculture, but a mixture of them all and some other subjects in addition. The chapters deal with the question of population and emigration in the forties of the last century, both rural and urban; the state of agriculture, with a great deal of information on the size, value and working of the farms in the different areas of the country; then on the trade and industry of the same period, communications, by water, road and rail, and administration with reflections on problems such as illiteracy and housing (in this section, there is a notable omission of the available information on the work of the hedge-schools). The second part is more descriptive of everyday life all over the country at the period. The author brings us on a tour round the country. There are some pages of general conclusions, very true and interesting. The book contains more than plenty of maps, tables of statistics, and graphs, some of the latter very ingenious.

The book, then, is not the story of the Famine but a presentation of the material side of Irish life, and of that only, about 1841. The author brings out that emigration was already at that time "deeply rooted in Irish life" and quotes a Sir George Cornewall Lewis writing in 1836, in a Report of the Irish Poor in Great Britain, on the great advantage to the growing industries of that island, of an inexhaustible supply of cheap labour close at hand (p. 309). After the Famine, America for sixty or seventy years profited similarly from the huge supply of

Irish labour, which it had not been to the expense of rearing. The pendulum has swung back in favour of England to-day. In the eighteenth century we supplied thousands of soldiers to France and Spain.

It tempts one to ask are we a doomed people and is prosperity and an increasing population to be forever denied us. The book, by inference here and there, gives us glimpses of what was also going on in the nineteenth century, the decay of the distinctive marks of our ancient nationality, Gaelic language and literature. This tempts one also to ask whether the nineteenth century did not see the end of us as a nation, whether our modern Gaelicism is not a romantic myth and whether we are not also doomed to see the victory of the Ascendancy and final and complete assimilation with the English.

Having thus given way to the feeling of despondency which the reading of this not very cheerful book produced in one reader of old Irish stock, I react immediately and say ; no, there's a kick or two in Gaelic Ireland yet.

This book, by the way, along with, say the chapters on the Famine in Mrs Cecil Woodham Smith's book *The Reason Why*, could be recommended for reading to the serious and reflective tourist, after a first trip round Ireland, who would be seeking the background to many things that puzzled him and the answer to many questions that would have occurred to him, while in Ireland.

LIAM O'BRIAIN.

TRASNA NA BÓINNE. Earnán de Blaghd. Dublin, Sáirséal agus Dill. 13s. 6d. and 9s.

Trasna na Bóinne is the first volume of Earnán de Blaghd's reminiscences, bringing them to the time he left Co. Down to go to Kerry. He gives his home background, his early years in Dublin in the Civil Service, followed by some years in the North where he was a journalist. Other young men could have spent those years uneventfully, but not so one of this author's calibre.

He tells of certain influences in his early years at home that inclined him to the national outlook that controlled his subsequent life. Owing to his interest in Partition, he gives considerable space to the impact of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism on each other in the North, and tells how he found to his surprise that religious differences counted for nothing amongst those working in the national movements in the South.

There are clear, vivid accounts of the activities of the various national groups, and of the personalities that he met in them ; such well-known people that one is tempted to take up the threads and discuss them, but this is not the place for that. What he tells of the early stages of those movements which became so important is of great interest to those who are too young to have seen anything of them, and to those who were not then in Dublin. Back in the North he had less opportunity for fruitful work of that kind.

Earnán de Blaghd's views on Partition are fairly well known by now. Not all of us wholly agree with him. In saying that it is a purely Irish question, he ignores the fact that a withdrawal of English forces and subsidies might have a modifying effect on the unyielding attitude of the North-Eastern majority. His opinion that the Tory backing of the Northern Protestants was due to the

latter's having sought it when Home Rule was imminent ignores the fact that the English Tories would not have bothered about them if it had not suited their own aims. As things were, it was a lucky (if not, perhaps, heaven-sent) opportunity for the Tories to overthrow the Liberal Party in England.

Then, when the author tries to understand the Southern Protestants' attitude, seeing in it some devious subconscious reaction to the times, he ignores their heredity. There were two kinds amongst them. There were those of English descent who never lost their English ancestors' contempt for the "mere Irish". There were those of Irish descent who had turned their backs on their own people, and who had therefore to be more anglicised even than the others for fear a trace of the "tar brush" might be suspected. The small number of Protestants who took part in national movements had in whole or in part Irish ancestry giving them sympathy with their own country, or, failing that, had sufficient intelligence and integrity to understand the country in which they lived.

To say that our author has a sense of humour would express the matter too easily. He has a good-humoured sanity and humanity which enables him to see and understand human reactions, and often to find them amusing.

He has given us an intensely interesting book.

L. D.

GEORGE MOORE: *LETTERS TO LADY CUNARD, 1895-1933*. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Rupert Hart-Davis. Rupert Hart-Davis. 1957. 27s. 6d. Net.

"A shot-silk shimmered in the May sunlight when she came forward and put her little hand, like a fern, and white as a lily into mine." So George Moore wrote romantically of his first meeting with Maud Alice Burke, an American girl of mixed Irish and French descent, who afterwards became Lady Cunard. He was then forty-two and she twenty-two, and from this "first, fatal interview" until his death, she continued to be his ideal woman and his dearest friend.

George Moore had such a convincing social mask, and was so often the "enfant terrible" who delighted in shocking people, particularly those he had not met before, that to most readers who were not his close friends, these letters will seem full of surprises. Nancy Cunard (Lady Cunard's daughter) said of him "A strong characteristic in George Moore, and a very sympathetic one, was his great respect for love. This was in the fibre of his nature—never mind all his elegant levity." It was this "elegant levity" that created the impression of a man who had numerous affairs, but few suspected that he was capable of a grand passion. "Other men have wives, children, religion, God, I have my star, an ideal, my ideal of light, loveliness and grace which I follow always, and which I shall see shining when my eyes grow dim and the spectacle is about to fade out of them for ever."

All the good fairies seem to have been present at the christening of Miss Burke, for not only was she a beauty, which is clear from her photograph, even without Moore's fervent praise of her thick, golden hair and pastel colouring; her features have the fascinating delicacy of a nymph in a "fête galante";

but in addition she had a fine intellect, and occupied her frequently sleepless nights with reading the classics, and knew Shakespeare and Balzac in their entirety. She wore her learning lightly, and was a witty talker; a brilliant hostess, with the gift of assembling the most varied and distinguished personalities and holding them spellbound by her conversation. "Never a one but she had the indispensable quality of making me feel I was more intensely alive when she was by me than when she was away," wrote Moore. Both of them being highly temperamental they sometimes quarrelled, and the main cause of strife seems to have resulted from Lady Cunard's delight in large parties of many different types of people, from whom she had the power of bringing out the best, whereas to Moore, the company at a luncheon or dinner were not always to his taste, and he would fly into tantrums, make highly tactless remarks, or merely sulk. Again and again he writes to say how sorry he is for such bad behaviour. When he could see his goddess alone at Ebury Street, go for a drive, or even some shopping or greatest treat of all to a picture gallery. "It is always a pleasure to go to a picture gallery with you, for you never say anything stupid about pictures, or indeed about any art"—then he was perfectly happy and everything was enchanting.

They shared a great love for music as well as for pictures. Lady Cunard was a well known patron and beneficiary of opera and no mean pianist herself. Moore preferred her rendering of Chopin's third Ballade to that of his Dublin friend Signor Esposito. In many of the letters there are personal and illuminating views on various composers. "He (Strauss) captivates me at once just as Whitman did, and much in the same way, by telling me interesting things about life; Brahms bores me . . . he has thought and read, and his writing is full of happy turns of expression, but what are happy turns of expression to me when behind them there is no irresistible fountain of life?" Of Debussy he says "He is as perfect as antiquity—or Mr. Pater." He had, as all who knew him realised, a passion for Wagner, so antipathetic to a later generation, but none the less his descriptions of the "Ring" heard at Bayreuth are vividly interesting.

There is a spontaneity and freshness about so many of these letters, partly because Moore believed "One should answer a letter at once while one is 'Sous le coup de l'émotion'". Not always easy to do, but I am sure this was the practice of Mme de Sévigné and other brilliant letter writers. The most enjoyable letters are not those which are over-considered, or written with an eye on a future publisher, but those which not only include ideas, and descriptions, but also jokes, gossip, and even indiscretions. Moore's jokes were not perhaps every-ones, but the following will amuse some readers: Writing à propos of a suggested bust of Lady Cunard by Rodin he says, "Would you like a sensuality or an austerity?" The later letters are full of the sadness of old age and an increasing physical disability which he bore with great courage, but his frequent illness made meetings with his dearest friend rarer as time went on. "I am at the end of my life . . . and I never forget that you are the only woman that mattered . . . you are the one I saw and heard most clearly. We all seek and I found what I sought in you and now I can write no more, my sadness is too deep."

He said that there had only been two women in his life, Maud—and Héloïse; and it is clear from an extract printed at the end of the book from "Héloïse

and Abelard" which tells the story of Gaucelm D'Arenbert and the Lady Malberge, that both the women he loved are enshrined for ever in his great prose masterpiece.

The book is edited by Rupert Hart-Davis with sensitive discrimination.

MONA GOODEN.

MEDIEVAL ENGLISH POETRY. The Non-Chaucerian Tradition. By John Speirs. Faber and Faber. 42s.

Mr. John Speirs's present book, complementary to his *Chaucer the Maker*, is an examination of non-Chaucerian poetry that eloquently demonstrates its strength and individuality. His "deliberate attempt (perhaps quixotic) to lift medieval English poetry out from the professional 'Middle English' specialism", and argument that acquaintance with it is "relevant to our sense of the present", to standards formed, as they should be, by experience of all that is significant in our accumulated literature, do more than shame the reader who has left its difficulties to the philologist. His study of the songs and poems, the plays and romances, uncovers their radiance and vigour, the collaboration of poets and audience in the presentation and refashioning of a traditional art, and celebration of the seasons and the events that symbolize man's spiritual and earthly pilgrimage.

The anthropological evidence is used here, therefore, as Mr. Speirs believes the literary critic must use it, to discover what the poets made of their traditional material, to trace the pattern and apprehend "the totality of the poem"; and because the songs and lyrics are "independent of the vanished communities in which they originated (and) in that sense, transcend time", we are invited to hear, not only Chaucer's personal voice, but also the other voices to which Shakespeare was attentive, and which are not yet still to the sensitive ear.

"The comparison between the non-Chaucerian poetry and Chaucer brings out the uniqueness of both, the remarkable originality of Chaucer and the distinctive features of the non-Chaucerian tradition. The two are in some ways complementary, and a knowledge of both is needed for any true sense of the total variety and range of medieval English poetry. Even if we subtract Chaucer there was still an English tradition—non-Chaucerian—which achieved some great things. It was, perhaps, as important a development towards the Shakespearian achievement and consequently towards later literature in English as was Chaucer's poetry."

The gay 'Lenten is come with love to toun', the forlorn 'Wynter wakeneth al my care', the exquisite 'I sing of a maiden', and what Mr. Speirs calls the "incredulity in the voice" of

Adam lay ibounden,
Bounden in a bond;
Four thousand winter
Thought be not too long;
And all was for an appil,
An appil that he tok,
As clerkes finden
Wreten in here book;

Ne hadde the appil take ben,
 The appil taken ben,
 Ne hadde never our lady

A ben hevene quene.
 Blessed be the time
 That appil take was.
 Therefore we moun singen
 'Deo gracias'.

are there, with so many other songs, to record the serene religious faith, the unspoilt appetite for beauty and mirth, the apprehensive but unrebelling stare at the shadows.

"The romances may be regarded as new variations on the old themes of the traditional tales or new developments from them. These themes include those that Shakespeare in his time inherited and made profound use of, especially in his later plays"; and when Mr. Speirs considers their "common roots in myth and ritual", and the rôle of their makers, he has many illuminating things to say—as in this passage on *Sir Gawayne and the Grene Knight*:

"The fundamental *knowledge* in the poem, the hidden source which the poet has tapped, the ultimate source of the poem's actuality, strength and coherence, is the knowledge, which the age-old experience of the race has turned into an assured knowledge, that there is life inexhaustible at the roots of the world even in the dead season, that there is perpetually to be expected the unexpected spring re-birth. The whole poem is, in its very texture—its imagery and rhythm—an assertion of belief in *life* as opposed to winter deprivation and death; and it seems finally to discover, within the antagonism between man and nature, between the human and the other-than-human, a hidden harmony, expressed in the kind of humorous understanding that develops between the Green Knight and Gawain."

A brilliant chapter on "Literature, Painting and Sculpture in Medieval England" brings him to his conclusion, his answer to those who ask the meaning of this poetry: "The only answer is that it means nothing less than *all* that it does or is in every detail; its meaning in the fullest sense is being given only in the actual process of reading the poetry"—and his reading could not be more stimulating or richer.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN CIPHERS EXAMINED. By William F. and Elizabeth S. Friedman. The Cambridge University Press. 25s.

SHAKESPEARE AND HIS COMEDIES. By John Russell Brown. Methuen. 18s.

The ingenuity and determination that have been given to the task of proving that Shakespeare did not write the works most of us are content to call his, seem but rarely accompanied by any notable appreciation of the plays or sonnets themselves. Indeed, one is sometimes tempted to regard the game with acrostics, anagrams and ciphers as a compensatory gesture, or as the inferior man's delight in denigration. Yet so unremitting and passionate has been the search for the "real" author that were Bacon, for example, shown beyond doubt to have that honour, his supporters would almost certainly turn to discovering some

claim elaborately inserted by Shakespeare—they might even begin to approve Keats's demonstration of a poet's negative capability.

Mr. and Mrs. Friedman, both eminent cryptologists, found irresistible an invitation to examine scientifically the cryptological systems and evidence on which the various claims have been based. Their book is a fascinating one; not only does it explain lucidly cryptography and cryptanalysis, acrostic and anagrammatic devices, the biliteral cipher, and the quaint labours of amateurs, but it also records the details of their patient and rigorous study and presents their conclusions with nice irony.

"This kind of game (Arensberg's efforts on behalf of Bacon) could be played indefinitely; as far as the simpler 'anagrammatic acrostics' are concerned, you will be able to find the signature 'BACON' on any page of to-day's newspaper, together with clues to its presence. This is not because Bacon's ghost haunts the editorial offices of the daily press, nor because all journalists are involved in a vast conspiracy to keep his name in the news. The reason is simpler"

Then follows a thorough criticism of Arensberg's system. Another chapter on the feats of Baconian numerologists ends:

"Indeed, 'proofs' of authorship based on this kind of operation are even easier to come by than those derived from anagrams; the method is even more flexible, and it is entirely impotent to establish anything except the gullibility of those who use it. If anyone still disputes this, we shall be content with proving that we ourselves wrote the works of Bacon and Shakespeare We are not alone in this; anyone with sufficient diligence, prepared to juggle with his name in suitable ways, and to plough through the texts of the First Folio searching for numerical clues, should be able to prove to his own satisfaction that he wrote Shakespeare's plays."

A very entertaining section of their book is concerned with the Gallup decipherments. The authors knew Mrs. Gallup and worked with her at Riverbank, the research establishment subsidised by a rich American, Colonel George Fabyan. "Fabyan in fact had just buckled in with a bit of a grin to the business of establishing Baconian authorship by hook or occasionally by crook"; but Elizabeth Wells Gallup was a dedicated woman, and almost regretfully her labours are demolished. Unfortunately, she was ignorant, despite her years of study, of Elizabethan printing practice and other relevant matters.

Mr. and Mrs. Friedman end with a little advice to amateur cryptologists: an acquaintance with the basic principles of the subject, more rigorous standards in the conduct of their arguments, consultation with an unbiassed professional. "If all this is done the argument will be raised to a higher plane. There is even the possibility that it would cease altogether."

Mr. Brown, in his able study, chides the critics for taking "refuge in the platitudes of praise" instead of analysing thoroughly Shakespeare's comedies—the early ones, in particular—and revaluating them as they have done the tragedies.

". . . . the early comedies can appear so light-hearted and capricious, so inconsequential, so beautiful and bawdy, so obviously pleasing courtier and groundling by turns, that the probing questions of the critic seem ludicrously inapposite. The critic is afraid of taking them too seriously."

His argument is that the comedies have been seen as vehicles for expressing Shakespeare's delight in the whims and follies of mankind, and that, in concentrating on the surface animation provided by plot and character, we neither apprehend the real content of the comedies nor note "the direction in which Shakespeare's ever-vigilant artistic conscience was developing his comic vision." The phrase "life-enhancing" is borrowed from Berenson to suggest their secret; but the richness and variety of experience they offer does not absolve the critic from discovering Shakespeare's philosophy and judgment on life implicit in his chosen patterns, his elaborations and his rejections.

Mr. Brown is concerned, therefore, with comic structure and with those themes of the tragedies and poems that, taken up again in the comedies, were clearly "fundamental to Shakespeare's creative mind at this stage in his career"; and the reader who agrees to ignore "any facile distinction between the conscious and unconscious mind" will find that the interpretation given here does indicate the wholeness of Shakespeare's vision, and the integrity of his artist's conscience. One is reminded throughout the book of Keyserling's description of a man "formed throughout by his deepest essence, like an antique bronze, which has issued from the spirit of the artist."

Love as the wealth in which men and women traffic, and love's truth, its order and its ordeal, are the themes which are shown to represent "a comprehensive and developing view of love and personal relationships, and of life itself as experienced through such relationships." Mr. Brown's treatment is at times abstract or tenuous, and one may think a little gratefully of the modern producer's more ruthless approach to the comedies, but his book merits close attention.

THE NEW CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY. Vol. I: The Renaissance, 1493-1520.

Edited by G. R. Potter. Vol. VII: The Old Régime, 1713-63. Edited by J. O. Lindsay. Cambridge University Press. 37s. 6d. each.

MEDIEVAL RELIGIOUS HOUSES: SCOTLAND. By D. E. Easson. Longmans. 45s.

The successor to the original "Cambridge Modern History", planned by Lord Acton in 1896 and completed in 1912, is intended "neither as a stepping-stone to definitive history, nor as an abstract or a scale-reduction of all our knowledge of the period, but as a coherent body of judgments true to the facts." Sir George Clarke, the general editor, in his notable introduction explains its purpose as the setting-out of "the ascertained results of research into the history of that 'civilisation' which, from the fifteenth century, spread from its original European homes, assimilating extraneous elements as it expanded, until it was more or less firmly planted in all parts of the world. The civilisation is to be treated in all its aspects, political, economic, social, 'cultural' and religious. Whenever it is possible to combine these aspects, or some of them, in a single presentation, this will be the plan; but there will be no forced synthesis or artificial simplification."

Not surprisingly, the impartiality that Acton expected from his contributors is no longer demanded; indeed, the comment that historians must now "be content to set out their own thought without reserve and to respect the differences which they cannot eradicate" gently modulates the tone of some present controversies.

The Renaissance and the Enlightenment are such rich periods that, given the form of the "New Cambridge Modern History", there must be unevenness of treatment. The weakness of distributing their themes among contributors of varying merit and whose emphasis depends on differing interests has already been pointed out by distinguished critics; yet the hope of the writers and editors "by means of all this diversity, to create an articulated history", is not unjustified. So vast a work, with its admirably arranged specialised branches of study and accommodation of many schools of thought, enables the student to relate his separate surveys to the main structure, and, even if he misses the bold sweep and imaginative approach of several recent books, to appreciate contemporary historical methods and range of research.

The main purpose of *Medieval Religious Houses: Scotland*, a companion volume to *Medieval Religious Houses: England and Wales*, is "to list and annotate the houses of which the existence can be verified; and in the notes an attempt is made to indicate the significant features of their history, so far as these are ascertainable . . . an effort has (also) been made to include the typical and recurring errors (which, as regards certain orders, are numerous) so that at least no pretext is provided for their reappearance." Professor Knowles's foreword, which relates Scotland to Europe "during the five centuries in which her religious life was closely integrated into that of the compact medieval Church", and Dr. Easson's pioneer labours and masterly presentation of the results of his investigations make a work indispensable to students of monasticism.

SOVEREIGNTY. An Enquiry into the Political Good. By Bertrand de Jouvenel.

Translated by J. F. Hungington. Cambridge University Press. 27s. 6d.

Born in 1903, the son of a French writer and statesman, M. de Jouvenel adopted the profession of journalism, specialising in economics and international relations. He travelled widely and became well known in universities of the continent of Europe, the United States and England where he lectured on his special subjects. This book is the direct sequel to *Power* which, when translated and published in London, formed the subject of the first article in the *Times Literary Supplement* towards the end of 1946. No further introduction is necessary.

The author warns his readers: "This book has cost me much hard work and may I fear, cost the reader no less. Anyone wishing to follow me will find himself engaged in a difficult piece of exploration . . . I feel strongly that this exploration is necessary and should be attempted by whoever would exercise the duties of a citizen with full awareness of what he is about . . . Each one of us, even if he gives no thought to it, has a political activity and exercises an authority; we should achieve awareness of this rôle and of the obligations which it entails and should strive to play it better . . . I must warn the reader that he going to find himself involved in the exploratory workings of a questing spirit. This book is not like some clearly drawn map of a familiar country; rather it is a work of exploration, undertaken now from one starting-point and now from another".

The author's estimation of his work suggests difficulties in the path of the reviewer but the book is so rich in ideas that it would be impossible to do credit to it in a review. Each reviewer may well select and dwell upon a different diamond from the collection. We choose to follow M. de Jouvenel as he looks at society and finds the *vis politica* at work rallying people into groups and thus

building up through the adding together of energies 'a power' capable of doing work no individual could do by himself. He sees this generating of the group as the basic social phenomenon and freedom to generate a group and thereby introduce into society a new power, a source of movement and change, as the essential freedom.

We regret we have no space to follow the author into the territories opened up by acceptance of this basic social phenomenon.

Sovereignty may well prove to be a milestone in Political Science.

T. D. M. B.

PERSONAL IDENTITY. By C. H. Rolph. Michael Joseph. 15s.

Max Beerbohm once described London's dramatic critics as 'a fine body of men'; and our author, once a chief inspector of London's police, well merits inclusion in a similar testimonial. Here is a book of critical insight, of delicacy and quiet wit: also of exceptional powers of clarity and condensation, shown for example in recording selected aspects of the Druce-Portland and the Tichbourne Claimant cases.

The subject, of personal identity, becomes all the more fascinating at a time when human beings are reduced to a mere function of the machine, Money, and a unit in a costing accountancy of the economic 'life' of the community. Many may learn from C. H. Rolph, from the writers of Whodunits to learned counsel and judge. There is fun, too; and occasionally a healthy shock for our accepted conventions and scientific (and sciolistic) measurements. A prisoner who, aided by plastic rubber and a mirror, challenges the sacrosanct evidence of finger-prints, thereby winning a jury's favour and freedom from 'stir', is both instructive and intensely funny. (The questions C. H. Rolph would have pressed upon this demonstrator of 'forged' prints were never asked.)

Profound are the author's notes on schizophrenia, and wise his comments on M'Naghten Rules; whilst in these days of a great and cowed people, 'demanding' full time employment and a cheap State burial, it is pleasant to come across effective defence of the person against passports, identity cards, finger-printing and a 'numbering of the people'.

Our knowledgeable author might write a little piece about identity—personal, sovereign, and national,—and ask why the sovereign's head was removed from the English pound note. Irish people who imagine themselves unaffected may remember that their own credits are safely deposited in the Bank of "England".

M. C.

HOLY PAGANS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Jean Daniélou. Translated by Felix Faber. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

Father Daniélou's aim, in his small but scholarly book, has been "to restore to their place in the Christian liturgy and catechetical instructions some people of note in the Old Testament who have been largely forgotten." If "forgotten" seems hardly the word to apply to Abel, Enoch, Noah, Job, Lot, the Queen of Sheba, it is interesting to be reminded of how often the Church Fathers referred to them for the edification of their hearers.

The word "cosmic" rather than "natural" religion is used "to designate the period of sacred history anterior to the covenant with Abraham and to include at the same time whatever there is of truth in the non-biblical religions"; and Father Daniélou, with agreeable humility, has set himself the task of proving that even "pagans" can achieve salvation and become saints. It is a rather delicate affair, if one believes that there is no salvation except in the Roman Catholic Church, and no sanctity save through that Church, to arrange for their accommodation, but he has, if one may use the term, so exact a knowledge of celestial protocol that one watches with admiration his sure procedure with even non-historical personages.

His commentary is lucid and illuminating; but writers on religious subjects would surely be well advised to consider the effect on their readers of the most modest scientific education. To a generation acutely aware that a physical body needs a physical place and a certain physical environment, and with some little information about outer space, there can be, at best, mild indulgence for an insistence on bodily ascension and for unconfirmed reports about the heavenly status of holy pagans or saints. One might as reasonably travel with a primitive man's map of the world as accept literally the metaphors of poets and prophets.

EDUARD MÖRIKE. *His Life and Work*. By Margaret Mare. Methuen. 25s.

The life and personality of Eduard Mörike, the great German poet, are of absorbing interest. The father, Dr. Karl Mörike, like his own father and grandfather before him, was Court Physician at Ludwigsburg; and Eduard, born in 1804, shared with his brothers and sisters a singularly happy childhood. Even when the death of Dr. Mörike left them in straitened circumstances, the devotion of their charming mother and the kindness of relatives preserved the peaceful, cultured homelife; and Eduard, the amiable, indulged boy enthralling the other children with his world of fantasy, and later the theological student, romantic, sentimental and gay, might well have seemed fortunate. If he was acquiescent rather than enthusiastic about his career, and if, when he became a clergyman, the only sign of vocation was a gentle solicitude for his parishioners, there was, on the surface, in the tranquility and austere refinement of his years at the Cleversulzbach vicarage with his mother and sister Klara the perfect setting for a lyric poet of the period.

Mörike's drawings and many of his poems reveal, however, the strange and complex man he was, and the intolerable conflict that shattered him physically and forced him, before his fortieth year, to give up his pastoral work. His meeting with Hölderlin and the spell of the disreputable and lovely Maria Meyer, a somnambulist and hysteric, intensified for him the reality of his secret world with its grotesque inhabitants. Klara rather than his wife—from whom he was finally parted—was his refuge; and her almost maternal care protected the immaturity he never outgrew, even as her sensitivity responded fully to his genius.

One of Mörike's letters will suggest to the reader with little knowledge of German the nature of his inspiration. In it he refers to "one of those rare and hallowed moments when a human being, hardly daring to breathe, gazes into the depths of his own soul or feels the mysterious pulsation of the intuitive life of

the mind"; and the impression he made in old age on the daughter of the writer, Hermann Kurz, hints at the tragedy of the man:

"I felt that this large head of a Swabian country clergyman with its somewhat flabby features and the deep-chiselled sullen lines was only a droll or protective mask, from behind which the delicate head of a Greek youth or a smiling Ariel might at any moment emerge."

Miss Margaret Mare has written a finely perceptive biography. Her considerable knowledge of Mörike's writings and of his circle, the admirable and always unobtrusively inserted paraphrases of his poems, the tact and the vividness of her portrait, make a memorable study.

TEA WITH WALTER DE LA MARE. By Russell Brain. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

Tea with Walter de la Mare recalls Forrest Reid's comment that much of the poet's work "is the creation of a mind brooding upon its earthly pilgrimage"—an oblique contemplation as at Camelot, so that one is not surprised when Sir Russell Brain records de la Mare's delight in the mirror that, opposite his bed, reflected the world outside. Yet the ghosts, the emanations and dreams, the secret stir of things, the muted, fugitive intimations he knew are part of a country we all travel through, though few of us use our peripheral vision as consistently or with such absorption.

During the five years before Walter de la Mare's death, Sir Russell was often his guest; and the unique, witty and wholly entrancing conversation that drifted across the tea-table was, as he could remember it, written down by Sir Russell on his return home. His part in this book is unobtrusive, but it is clear that de la Mare found him a stimulating and sympathetic companion.

"(He) built much of his conversation around questions. 'Do you agree . . .?', he would begin; or, after relating some strange fact or series of events, he would end with the challenge—'How do you account for that?'. His questions were of various kinds. They were never Socratic questions, designed to lead the answerer on, and finally expose his ignorance. Some were rhetorical, and to these he did not expect an answer; indeed many of his questions were, as he admitted, unanswerable. Others were prompted by a desire to obtain information or to get the listener's opinion; others, again, were designed to encourage someone in the company to talk. The topics of his conversation were joined together by what psychologists call free association . . . Thus his conversation was as wayward as the flight of a butterfly. But perhaps a flying fish is a more appropriate simile, for it flashed out into the light, and fell back into silence; and one could not tell in what direction it would next appear."

This pursuit of fancy gives to the book its singular charm, and the most random quotations add to the portrait of the man.

"We walked slowly out to the landing. He reminded me to remember a dream for next time, and asked why should we prefer the waking experience; 'Isn't a dream just as real?' How could you prove that any experience peculiar to yourself was real? There were no

limits to the subject. Then, leaning against a cupboard, he tapped it with his fingers, and said : ' Of course, you know that this is a dream ! ' "

Of a well-known author he said :

" Even at his age it must have taken a great deal of practice to acquire a face like that."

Or there was his admission, after referring to a policeman in one of his stories :

" He has only just come into existence, but I can see him complete, even down to his underwear. He would have warm underclothes, because he is a cautious man, and a brown moustache."

Every page has its grace of spontaneity, its gentle celebration of the mind's curiosity, of wisdom and mirth. If increasing weakness kept him to his room, his poet's imagination still had its freedom. Indeed, the creatures of his mind so haunt the reader that his dying remark is almost expected : " All these onlookers ! There are so many of them. I wonder where they come from ? "

Finger on lip I ever stand ;
Ay, stranger, quiet be ;
This air is dim with whispering shades
Stooping to speak to thee.

A JAPANESE FAMILY. By John Sykes. Allan Wingate. 15s.

Mr John Sykes has written a delightful and most perceptive book about his stay in Japan. Professor Shigeru Awada, who had visited his family in England, received him and his wife with all the ceremony that marks Japanese hospitality. The delicate, intricate web of obligation and gratitude enchanted but also disconcerted them till, rather guiltily, they managed to escape to the freedom of their own flat in Kyoto. The Awada household remained, however, the centre from which they could apprehend the strength of tradition, and the attitudes of the younger generation. The professor distressed by the least flaw in the ritual between host and guest, his wife gently smoothing the ruffled surface, his emancipated, genial sister devoted to public affairs, the two sons with their differing response to a post-war world, are finely portrayed. The frail, elder son, Uichi, with his Zen wisdom and serenity and the Zen master to whom he introduced Mr. Sykes were to represent for the latter the spiritual values that can be discovered still in Japan ; while the handsome Toshio, a student moving tentatively from his conservative background towards his politically vehement friends, was gay and yet diffident. The charming, tenuous start of his love-affair and the elaborate decorum with which the girl's family ended it were a little shadow on the festivities of the cherry-blossom season, but also an overture to the Noh and Kabuki performances which are here described in detail.

There were visits also to Tokyo and Hiroshima, to Kobe and Himeji, and to temples, all vividly described. Throughout the book, Mr Sykes, detached but appreciative, notes the unique beauty and the crudities, the formal, ancient patterns and the new tensions of the life around him, and the susceptibilities and reserves that made the mood of every Japanese party as uncertain as an April day.

TRUE ACCOUNT. By Ernest W. D. Tennant. Max Parrish, London. 21s.

Born in 1887, the author of this autobiography, at the age of 25, became a director of a well known firm in Mincing Lane. The widely scattered interests of this family business gave Mr. Tennant opportunities for world wide travel, for meeting interesting people, and for collecting material for his entertaining reminiscences.

One of the high lights of the autobiography is the graphic description of the author being severely mauled by a lion in Northern Rhodesia. Few men have lived to record their thoughts when lying "for fifteen or twenty seconds" underneath the belly of the king of beasts.

Over a third of the book is devoted to innumerable business visits to Germany between 1928 and 1939 which led Mr. Tennant to a close acquaintance with Ribbentrop and many of the leaders of the Nazi movement. The British Foreign Office never appears to advantage when seen through the eyes of the business magnate with financial interests in a country in the political limelight. The author's description of "The German Scene 1928-1939" leaves one with an uneasy feeling that World War II could have been avoided. Perhaps, however, the business magnate like the statesman is not infallible. No doubt Mr. Tennant believed he "saw a blue flash of lightning come out of Hitler's back" when his famous temper was aroused on being interrupted in a speech but we cannot share "the surprise at those close behind Hitler not being struck dead."

T. D. M. B.

THE RISING SUNSET. By Ken Attiwill, M.C. Robert Hale. 15s.

This honestly-written book has (at least) two different aspects. There is the historical drama of swift blows struck by a war-like Oriental race against Western peoples who had spent a twenty-year *entr'acte* between wars "making money"—one of the business notions being to sell arms to backward people. Apparently nothing can stop us 'making money' (and thus destroying wealth and ourselves) but some of the consequences are shown in this record. We are warned again and again.

The other notable aspect of this book is the unconsciously revealed truth concerning what happens to the most decent of our citizens when economic warfare and cold war are nicely warmed up so that the bigger manipulators of wealth can make a killing.

The author, a young man and idealistic, is astonished at the brutality of the Japanese guards. Apparently they allow dysentery to sweep through camps: they hold back available medical supplies: they do not even evulgate details of prisoners taken, so that wives (among them the author's) imagine their husbands dead. Personally, after some experience of the East (including meetings during the First War with Britain's 'little brown brothers') I am surprised, not at the heavy death-roll, but at the survival of a single 'white devil'. Apart from the fact that 'economic progress' drives people mad, Japanese tradition insists that a soldier should commit suicide rather than surrender. English, Australians, Americans surrendered—and 'lost face'. Incidentally this loss of face of the European in Malaya, India, China, etc., is a serious matter, and, among other things, means that a lot of hitherto backward people will soon come forward, at the double.

Ken Attiwill, a writer of books and plays, reveals a pleasant, highly courageous personality. The most moving part of this book is the record of a thoroughly decent young man fighting his hardest to conquer the base and sterile emotion of hate. For we know it *is* sterile, even while we urge its necessity for the 'economic life' of the community.

M. C.

CRAFT AND CHARACTER IN MODERN FICTION. By Morton Dauwen Zabel. Gollancz. 21s.

Though many of the essays in *Craft and Character in Modern Fiction* have already appeared in print, Professor Zabel has considerably revised or rewritten them. His present interpretations, "reached through three decades of reading, reaction, and empirical trial and error", are offered with the warning: "It is not to be assumed . . . that they will now stay fixed and final." This continuous, alert exploration of the work of nineteenth-century and contemporary novelists, and a perception of the characteristic preoccupation that has engaged their minds gives to his criticism its impressive quality. His studies, brilliant and penetrating, rigorous and sensitive, have for their theme the "profound and inescapable connection between what the artist essentially is (quite apart from any personal information, legend, or reputation that may attach to him) and the work he produces"; and his examples of this "valid and urgent equation of craft and character" range from Dickens, Hardy, James and Conrad to E. M. Forster, Graham Greene and Hemingway.

The notable maturity of Professor Zabel's appreciation, his discernment and finely detailed examination make quotation irresistible—though one hesitates to lift passages from their essential place in his scrutiny.

"Conrad's talent was agonized but persistent, not instinctively dramatic, not natively inventive, not naturally precocious or boldly inspired. It succeeded in making powerful fiction out of desperate obstacles, in dramatizing the *idées fixes* of the obsessed conscience, in analysing the classic moral situations and the pathos of modern skepticism to the last detail; in devising a personal method and style out of a profound condition of introversion and thus in adding to English fiction, during a period of triumphant journalism and commercial banalities, an exotic force of language and a power of moral insight that today appear as two of its few redeeming assets."

"His (Graham Greene's) style and imagery can be as melodramatic as his action, but he has made of them an instrument for probing the temper and tragedy of the age, the perversions that have come near to wrecking it, and the stricken weathers of its soul. It still remains for him to get beyond its confusions, negative appeals, and perverse standards—not to mention the tricky arguments by which these are too often condemned in his books and which are too much left to do the work of the honest imagination—to become a fully responsible novelist in his English generation. This is a rôle to which his acute sense of history and his remarkable gifts in moral drama have assigned him."

Conrad receives the fullest treatment in four essays that delicately probe his psychological experience, and survey the dimension in which "he leaves his sentimental limitations and prejudices behind him and takes his place as one of the authentic creative imaginations of our time"; but every chapter of the book is admirable in its analysis and conclusions. The second part includes a section entitled "Readings in Fiction", as well as a consideration of the limitations and achievements of several twentieth-century novelists ("The gains in style and form, selectivity and formal rigour, moral emphasis and psychological subtlety, have shown their accompanying liabilities—the tenuity of content, alienation of human appeal, esoteric disproportion and self-sufficiency, which rigorists . . . have feared as shaping a new crisis of exhaustion or impasse in the novel's history."); and here also Professor Zabel is concerned with nothing less than the highest standards and richest possibilities of the novel.

MORE LIVES THAN ONE. By Claude Houghton. Hutchinson. 15s.

A new novel by Claude Houghton is quite an event, and, as our preposterous 'economics' leaves Man with one decreasing purpose, this writer's work takes on an ever-growing significance. Houghton perceives (as Stendhal did) the very terrible nature of boredom; and today this deadly poison spreads universally. The 'idle rich', never a real menace, have been transformed, criminally, into an 'idle poor': but the rich we have always with us manipulating wealth for power-lust, and aided by the complacent scientist.

" . . . most people live vicariously—by proxy. They're in a state of spiritual catalepsy. They experience nothing first hand, so they create fantasies about everything they desire, and are too cowardly to experience. . . . the reality of every man and woman is his or her potentiality."

There seems sometimes to be a touch of symbolism and even surrealism in Houghton's work ('to name is to destroy'), and the protagonist of *More Lives Than One* has been brutally murdered when our story opens. Ivan Marsh wished to experience deeply and to touch life at as many points as possible. And one consequence is that no one feels surprised when he gets himself murdered: another consequence is that, with the over-riding egoism of a conscientious objector to boredom, he has unhesitatingly mutilated and destroyed the lives of others. Whilst Marsh is to some a saint or hero, to others he is evil itself.

Said Nietzsche: "Look not into the abyss lest the abyss looks into thee". But, ignoring this warning—as must all who 'live dangerously'—Ivan Marsh comes to an early and violent death. But, to quote Houghton again: "you don't get rid of a man by killing him". The women in his life, Ella, Audrey, Dinah are worked upon more, perhaps, by the shade than by the living person; and so it is with the men, two of whom hover perilously upon the margin of eternity.

An exciting and moving story; with profound implications.

M. C.

GILBERT. *His Life and Strife*. By Hesketh Pearson. Methuen & Co. 25s.
 OVER SEVENTY. *An Autobiography with Digressions*. By P. G. Wodehouse.
 Herbert Jenkins. 16s.

Posterity has decided that Gilbert shall be for ever coupled with Sullivan as though it were a marriage made in heaven. But the writer and composer were incompatible in all save that which matters to us now—the mating of a uniquely comic libretto with equally unique tunes. Hesketh Pearson, having followed tradition in 1935 with a study of the two artists, now puts the combination asunder with a separate monograph on Gilbert.

It is a welcome relief to find that he does not spray his subject with pitch better to hold some gaudy ornamental feathers as is now the fashion with biographies. True, he points out Gilbert's weaknesses: his cold treatment of his mother, his incurable urge to quarrel, his exaggerated grievances and lust for litigation. But Mr. Pearson is at pains to explain these traits in his character. Quiller-Couch found the amusement extracted by Gilbert in the fanciful savagery of *The Bab Ballads*, *The Mikado* and elsewhere to be proof that the dramatist was caddish and delighted in cruelty. But says Pearson:

Gilbert's fictional sentiment was the obverse of his fanciful ferocity; but in real life he was essentially humane, his ebullitions of harshness deriving from a hasty temper aggravated by gout, an inability to perceive the true bent of his genius, and two features of his nature that may be traced to the conditions of his youth: an acute sense of hostility in others and an awkwardness with the outside world.

From this biography Gilbert emerges as a sympathetic person, quickly relenting when in the heat of the moment he spoke unfairly to people. After a stormy career he enjoyed his old age: 'the happiest time in a man's life; the worst of it there is so little of it'. He died of heart failure in an effort to save a young girl from drowning. This is an eminently readable book though one might have dispensed with several of the letters.

P. G. Wodehouse tell how, as a youth, he was invited to Sir William Schwenk Gilbert's house for lunch. Midway during the meal the host began a long story, one of those stories which are purposely tedious until you reach the final punch line. Wodehouse, thinking that Gilbert had finished, roared with polite laughter. At this juncture he caught Gilbert's eye and he says he will always remember the glare of hatred in it.

Wodehouse, however, is naturally more concerned about butlers who have for so long provided him with humorous fodder and who may now be counted with the lost tribes. They have joined, he says, the Great Auk, Mah Jong and the snows of yesterday in limbo. He remembers their gloom which he attributes to the fact that their employers were often sparkling raconteurs. Wodehouse averted his gaze from Gilbert and found himself meeting that of the butler:

His eyes were shining with a doglike devotion. For some reason which I was unable to understand, I appear to have made his day. I know now what the reason was. I suppose he had heard that story build up like a glacier and rumble to its conclusion at least fifty times, probably more, and I had killed it.

For those who are Wodehouse devotees this book, which has more digressions than facts of life (his own), will provide the same smile evoked by the sixty books or so which he has to his name.

A. J. L.

GIVE ME YESTERDAY. By W. Macqueen-Pope. London: Hutchinson. 25s.

The author is a many-sided man but the theatre is his chief love and his books about Drury Lane and the Haymarket Theatres whetted our appetite for his latest effort.

In this backward glance down the years the most significant change to-day is speed and yet there is not time to accomplish all one wishes. Although we used to progress more slowly things were easier and Time a heavenly possession seemed to exist; now there is little or none. Pope hated school and says it never did him any good; from the manner in which he writes he is incorrect in this assertion. He loves children but those of to-day amuse themselves in a different manner. Playing games, reading, and dancing have been partly replaced by television programmes which often may vitiate the young mind. Manners are not what they were. Even medical treatment has changed. Women used to remain in bed longer after confinements and operations but we know that the modern technique is an improvement. Much stress used to be laid on home life; nowadays parents and children seldom get the chance to know one another: "prep." school from a very early age, then boarding school followed by the university. The home of yesterday was the mould of life and enforced by its permanence; there is no such mould or permanence to-day. We do not understand his dislike of free meals for schoolchildren. He makes a minor mistake when he describes shandygaff as gin and ginger beer; the correct mixture is beer and ginger beer (Oxford Dictionary). Railways were run for profit and were gilt edged securities for retired people. Now they lose millions. During Pope's life he deserted business and became a member of the theatrical profession which was outside the pale then. "Everyone knew that actresses were not ladies", but the real essence from the lifeblood of the theatre was in the acting and in the play nearly always virtue was triumphant and vice defeated and so naturally our Victorian author objects to the angry young men and he is an angry old man. In the theatre, too, enunciation and audibility were insisted on and principal actors did not mind taking small parts. Such great names as Bancroft, Irving, Terry, the Kendals, Forbes Robertson and the impressario George Edwards are mentioned. The noise of to-day is terrible and is consequent on the advance in mechanical transport. We find even the names of famous racehorses and gamblers will be reminded that Galtee More won the Derby at the odds of 4 to 1 on.

Amusement was cheap and Pope and his wife often had a day at Earls Court or the White City for ten shillings. Trade Unions which were, at any rate partly the result of bad employers are rather resented but the British dislike slavery, "though in my humble submission they are nearer it to-day than any time since 1066".

The author is 69, he works on an average 14 hours daily and 7 days a week and he manages to keep bright and cheerful but he says if he earned one quarter of what he earns to-day in the days of yesterday, he would be well off. He

loathes the Teddyboy class ; the word is a travesty ; these individuals are not reminiscent of anything in the time of Edward VII. The cat is recommended as a punishment for their crimes.

The world of yesterday was better. There was more integrity, fewer cares and anxieties. Work and discipline were byewords. Britain adored tradition and ruled the waves and for many years those ruled people agreed that good accrued and no harm was done.

The photographs especially those portraying the clothes and customs of yesterday are amusing and in view of the vast number of people mentioned, the excellent index is a necessity.

B. S.

THE QUICKSILVER DOCTOR. The Life and Times of Thomas Dover, Physician and Adventurer. By Kenneth Dewhurst. Bristol : John Wright. 21s.

THE SEA, MY SURGERY. By Joseph B. Maguire. London : Heinemann. 16s.

BLACK HORSE, NEMO and Other Memories by Oskar Teichman. London : Peter Davies. 21s.

SIX GREAT DOCTORS. By J. G. Crowther. London : Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

THE DOCTOR'S SIGNATURE. By Hamilton Johnston. London : Victor Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

The spate of medical books continues and the public appears to enjoy eating them up. Some are good, some of the others are not worth while but the prize in our review must be awarded to the first on our list, for it is a scholarly work crammed with information of infinite variety. It is primarily concerned with the life of Dover the physician but much space is devoted to his life on the sea where he spent some years. He was the son of a gentleman farmer and probably got his love of adventure from the many sports in which he indulged ; his ancestors were clerics, soldiers, lawyers and scholars. He sank a good deal of money in a privateering voyage in which he circumnavigated the globe for over four years. On the ship he was second captain, captain of marines, chief medical officer and president of the council. During the trip many vessels were captured and Dover commanded some of the forays into the mainland, he is said to have rescued Alexander Selkirk who is believed to have been the original character for Defoe's Robinson Crusoe. From this trip Dover returned with enough capital to render him independent. In spite of this he continued to practise largely for charity ; later he lost his fortune in the South Sea Bubble. Undaunted he recommenced private practice when he was 70 and continued working and quarrelling with his colleagues until he died in harness at the age of 80. He was a disciple of the great Sydenham and also of Hans Sloane. His medical education was at Magdalen College, Oxford, and Caius College, Cambridge. He often disagreed with the College of Physicians. Modesty was not one of his virtues ; he was unpopular with his brethren and was arrogant and cantankerous. Quackery was rampant but in spite of this some doctors made fortunes. Dr. Radcliffe left £100,000 to Oxford University. The adventure part will be enjoyed by adults and children.

Dover is best known from the powder which bears his name and which probably is not used enough to-day ; he would like to have had posthumous

fame from his advocacy of Mercury which is responsible for his title of Quicksilver Doctor. He cured and killed people with this drug and many physicians inveighed against its over use. The opinions of two illustrious physicians vary : Sir Norman Moore thought the standard of medicine in Dover's books was low, while Sir William Osler took the *via media* and while remarking on his too scanty descriptions of diseases, applauds his honesty of purpose. He had initiation and determination and was charitable to the poor, but he was drastically polemically minded. Not a word of this book should be missed.

The bibliography is really valuable and there is an excellent index.

It used to be thought that the dregs of the medical profession became ships' doctors and that it was nearly fatal to become ill while on the sea. All this has changed and the skill of the medico, especially on board the big liners, is at a high level. Not only are emergency operations performed but the whole medical organisation is carefully thought out and efficient doctors, nurses and physiotherapists are employed while the operation theatre equipment is ultra-modern.

THE SEA, MY SURGERY.

Dr. Maguire who qualified in T.C.D. and was a resident in Sir Patrick Dunn's (not Dunn's as spelt) Hospital, describes an interesting and varied career for he has sailed on 18 ships and has made 275 Atlantic crossings. He has treated as patients and has been intimate with people in every walk of life and he finished his career by serving as senior doctor on the *Queen Elizabeth* and *Queen Mary*. He was able to treat and cure illnesses on distant ships by means of the Morse code. Archbishop Mannix was a passenger at one time when there was a burial at sea and agreed to attend the committal. The service was conducted with solemnity after which one of the crew began to sing lustily. It was not a hymn. The startled Archbishop found himself the centre of a chant "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow".

The author comes from a race of doctors, his story is interspersed with much humour and he will certainly be missed by crew and passengers.

Black Horse, Nemo, is the autobiography of a hunting doctor and demonstrates clearly that it is possible to enjoy hunting and to carry on the practice of a medical practitioner at the same time. We believe that hunting is such a magnificent sport and so health-giving that it must put a man into better fettle for dealing with his patients than if he led a sedentary life.

He is descended from South German Lutheran parents and at the age of eight, he decided to embrace medicine as his profession ; he learnt French and German early in life and later went up to Cambridge University where work and hunting engrossed him ; afterwards he joined St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Shooting and fishing did not appeal to him. Hunting was cheap in those days and livery cost only £1 weekly. He took part in many exciting hunts and won several point-to-point races ; some of his experiences are reminiscent of Surtees. What fun he must have had with his wonderful horse Nemo who gave him outstanding service for years. He has been a Master of Hounds and he played polo.

As a student he was allowed to start his domiciliary midwifery without having previously seen a baby born ; that would not be permitted in the Rotunda

Hospital but he managed to pull through and after qualification became a successful practitioner in a hunting district. We agree with him that contrary to popular belief, hunting is not a snob sport. Many amusing episodes are mentioned such as the time the clergyman went with him to the Grand National in lay dress and waved a "Pink 'Un" to complete his disguise.

This is tasty meat for those interested in horses and medicine and it is so readily told that it will be enjoyed by the layman.

The book is illustrated; in future editions we would like to see a portrait of the author as he is to-day.

SIX GREAT DOCTORS.

How difficult it is to decide who have been the greatest doctors in the world, and Crowther does not try to elucidate this problem; on the contrary, he gives a scholarly description of six *great* doctors and none will quarrel with the fact that his characters *are* great and are among the most illustrious. He has, of course, learnt from and acknowledged the classics which have been published about most of them. Rickman Godlee's magnificent biography of Lister is an example, but this does not devalue the book under review which will be found of service to those who wish to read a succinctly worded pen-picture of famous men. Best value will be obtained from the chapter on Pavlov for this, so far as we know is the first by an English author about this pioneer on the mystery of digestion. Pavlov lived at the same time as Turgenev, Dostoyevsky Tolstoy and Mendelev under whom he studied and he combined fine surgery with research. He had a happy family life; unlike Lister and Pasteur, who unfortunately for the future of humanity, were childless. In view of the present discussion about the satellite dog, it is of interest to read that a scientist like Pavlov discovered that even dogs must be happy and free from inhibitions in order to get results from experiments especially on the digestive juices. We have concentrated on Pavlov, but the magnificent life saving work of Harvey, Pasteur, Lister, Ronald Ross and last but not least Alexander Fleming, is well told. Unlike many other substances, penicillin is still prepared by the same method as that originally used by Fleming. References are given at the end of each "life".

In *The Doctor's Signature*, a general practitioner decides to tell about some of his cases; some of the problems he is up against and his love affairs. The hardships associated with the Health Act are discussed, especially the overworking of the doctors and unnecessary calls from patients, but its advantages, and there are many, are not demonstrated.

Some amusing and dramatic incidents are scattered through the book which is slight and is not up to the standard of the others in this list.

B. S.

FRIENDS, FOES, AND FOREIGNERS. By Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, K.C.M.G.
London: Putnam. 21s.

Bruce Lockhart does not state the date of his birth, but as he played Rugby for Fettes College in 1904-5, he must be about 70; in spite of this, his latest book shows he still preserves his youthful mentality and his joy in living. His career has been remarkable, for he has been a diplomat, an author, a scholar,

a journalist and he has participated in most sports. He has met and describes many of the outstanding persons of the world, some famous, others infamous. The tastes of all readers are catered for and we read about such newspaper magnates as Beaverbrook for whom he worked, two of the greatest dancers of our time, Karsavina, and Nijinsky and the one man he hated, Fierlinger, the Czech Quisling. He is often hard up and the filming of his "Memoirs of a British Agent" saved him from financial embarrassment; he prefers the living theatre to films, and quotes O'Casey: "No power on earth can turn the shadowy figures on a screen into living men and women." He revels in France and especially *its* theatre and like many others prefers to hear plays in the vernacular; we agree but the performance of Loraine and Hilton Edwards in the part of Cyrano de Bergerac were outstanding exceptions to prove the rule. In the parlous state of the world to-day the description of his service in Russia is of intense interest; he is a fluent Russian speaker. He loathes anti-semitism and regards it as "One of the deadly sins" and he explodes the fallacy that Jews are not men of action; he mentions four well-known names to prove his point.

We often hear the somewhat ignorant expression: "I don't know anything about pictures but I know what I like." Others never read novels but "love autobiographies". Those in the latter category will enjoy reading "Friends, Foes, and Foreigners" which might be improved by some illustrations.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER. By Norah Hoult. Hutchinson. 15s.

MORNING LAUGHTER. By Dilys Kirk. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

THE SCARLET GOOSE. By E. M. Almedingen. Hutchinson. 15s.

Miss Hoult in her latest novel plunges us into the seamy side of the theatrical profession, dwelling on the straits and extremities to which the wife and two daughters of a psychopathic but charming Shakespearean actor are reduced by his intemperance and egocentric behaviour. The scene is set in Ireland with a background of piety and faith by which the ill-matched couple are spancelled but alcohol, alas, is the only incense wafted to the skies of Dublin and Belfast. The actor's rather fey and devoted elder daughter mercifully escapes the fate of the Master of Santiago's dedicated child in Montherlant's play by most surprisingly marrying a young country farmer. He obviously approves of the *mésalliance* so that in his old age he can cash in, as usual, on farm produce.

Miss Hoult finds time to tilt playfully at life in a girls' convent school but Dilys Kirk, in *Morning Laughter*, has less amusing memories. Unfortunately, all the author seems to recall are the sniggering, furtive researches into elementary physiology and childishly dull attempts at sacrilege. Devoid as it is of beauty, atmosphere and character-drawing, it cannot be recommended unless to some moronic Old Girl of St. Trinians, if such exist.

The Scarlet Goose will appeal to all lovers of the warp and woof of history. We have here the richly woven tapestry of the Renaissance against whose background the stylised characters are moved like pawns. They are as charming and unreal as the figures on a willow-pattern plate. The toy-maker who carved the scarlet goose is our old fairy-tale friend, the ugly duckling, and his strange wife Helga, with her gift of healing, is as remote as the snow-queen. The charm of this book lies in the writing with its unflinching presentation of this magnificent and barbarous epoch.

E. C. M.

LEGACY OF HATE. By F. W. Kenyon. Hutchinson. 16s.

Legacy of Hate is a commendable period novel in which the verve and rapid action of Dumas are combined with the grace of Weyman. While taking no liberties with the facts of history in the reign of Mary Stuart, the author has made full use of his constructive imagination and his powers of delineation. The intrigues of treacherous courtiers, the feuds of Highland and Lowland chieftains by which the country was riven when the young queen came from France, were stimulated by the fervency of John Knox's following and the adherents to Catholicism. Over the border were the secret agents of Elizabeth Tudor. The plaything of all the confictions and conspiracies was the lonely, brave but pathetic queen whose patriotic ambition became a personal obsession: betrayed in their turns by her husbands, Darnley and Bothwell, and by false advisers and ministers alike, she fought unyieldingly for the lost cause, with only a heart unbeaten, to the tragic finis. The author's examination and revelation of character is sincere and uninhibited, and he finds acceptable explanations for the most dubious of actions.

THE DEVIL'S CHURCHYARD. By Ted Willis. 9s. 6d.

MYSTERY CRUISE. By Andrew Wood. 9s. 6d.

THE SECRET OF COBBETT'S FARM. By Rosemary Weir. 9s. 6d.

THE KINGDOM OF THE WINDS. By Angela Ainsley Jeans. 10s. 6d.

All from Max Parrish.

Among Max Parrish's recent issues are these stories which are recommended as suitable New Year gifts for young people. All of them are by authors accomplished in providing light and instructive entertainment.

The Devil's Churchyard is a mild thriller, shrouded in dramatic mystery, in which Ted Willis, author of *The Blue Lamp*, relates another adventure, probably the most exciting one, of the redoubtable P.C. Dixon of Dock Green and his amateur collaborator, Buster.

The River Police take over in *Mystery Cruise*, a gripping yarn which begins in a fog on the Thames. Many risks and escapes ensue before Andrew Wood clears up the untoward happenings in which his venturesome people have become involved.

When Rosemary Weir's earlier book was noticed in these pages, it was said that soon she would repeat her success with more novel events in the rural settings which she depicts so faithfully: this she has done in *The Secret of Cobbett's Farm*, a lively story, life-like and amusing, in which more than one secret are revealed.

Full of enchanting fantasy is *The Kingdom of the Winds*, the book version of Angela Ainsley Jeans' very successful play, "Listen to the Wind". Original in conception and magical in theme the story is presented in a fine style of writing. The battlings and vagaries of the elements combine with those of the Wind People, enterprising children and smugglers and pirates, in making joyous entertainment.

MRS. O. By Claude. Faber. 12s. 6d.

The characters in Claude's first novel are presented as a varied cross-section of Cork society; mostly they are habitués of Mrs. O's ideal pub, in and around which most of the action takes place. Ideals being of individual quality, a more

select hostelry would be preferable for other sections of the southern community, but (and here is the pivotal point in this interesting, personal story without a plot) they would not be suitable subjects for the author's sympathy and shrewd appraisement of the more pedestrian values. She looks for, and finds, the good traits latent in the humblest and most delinquent of mankind. A surfeit of sorrow is relieved by occasional visits to outlying farms and bathing-places. It is an ably written, entertaining book, too factual and reminiscent to be classed as a novel.

THE MISSING MASTERPIECE. By Irene Byers. Max Parrish. 9s. 6d.

The Missing Masterpiece may, at first, confuse those young readers who have not read Miss Byers' *The Strange Story of Pippin Wood*. This sequel explains nothing about its hero, Jeremy; but once he and the old Italian, Mr. Pinelli, have taken their puppet show to Norway and been joined by their friends, the story becomes quite lively—apart from some stilted dialogue. The adventures of Jeremy and the other children in their attempt to recover a fine painting lost during the German occupation, and the Norwegian background are most vividly described.

THE VANISHING ISLAND. By Charles C. O'Connell. Talbot Press. 10s. 6d.

It would be unfair to reveal how the population of the island of Innishios vanished. The author has broken new ground with an Irish theme which is original in conception, ingenious in development and, in the light of modern ideas, probably not too far advanced in its surprising conclusion. As an aged islander says, 'if we believe in leprahauns, we can believe anything'. Charles O'Connell is familiar with the West of Ireland and the hardships and hazards of the isolated islanders, their superstitions and stoicism, and of them he writes graphically and with restrained humour. Tension mounts and is sustained as the storm-bound people fight a losing battle against the hurricane and await the destiny decreed by tradition and second sight. In a distant main-land village the disappearance of nine islanders is a major sensation. There is a wide search by sea and air, a horde of newspapermen come to swell the profits of Clancy's bar, and Sergeant Mulcahy is investigating a problematical mass-murder, but only to find that his suspect, too, has vanished. It is a finely written mystery story, one in which the readers' attention is not allowed to wane.

GREEK FOR BEGINNERS. By L. A. Wilding. Faber and Faber. 9s. 6d.

The teaching of Greek and Latin to pupils of average ability becomes increasingly difficult, for the lack of interest in the grammar and syntax of their own language, and a diminishing vocabulary, hardly persuade them to accept the necessary discipline. Mr. Wilding's text-book will certainly be appreciated, for while he has to assume some knowledge of Latin, he shows how quickly the beginner can discover enjoyment in the writing and reading of Greek, and in etymology. The passages chosen for translation have been adapted from the texts of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon; and so carefully have they been selected, and their construction explained, that the young student is encouraged from page to page to prove for himself how steadily he moves on to some understanding of Greek literature and thought.

ON THE LINGUISTIC STUDY OF LANGUAGES. By W. S. Allen. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.

LITERARY PHONETIC ENGLISH. Suggested Principles and Practice for English Spelling Reform. By Albert Eagle. A. Eagle, Buxton, Derbyshire. 5s.

The inaugural lecture, delivered in Cambridge on 8 March, 1957, by W. S. Allen, Professor of Comparative Philology in the University of Cambridge, defines linguistics and considers its proper sphere. Professor Allen suggests that while "some degree of cross-fertilization is both inevitable and desirable . . . the opposition of 'philology'/'linguistics' (must be maintained) to differentiate the study of language as a means from that of language as an end in itself." His very able survey is necessarily concerned less with the achievements of contemporary linguistics than with its increasingly scientific and critical attitude for, as he concludes, "If its theory seems at times to be in advance of its practice, that is a healthy symptom."

Mr. Eagle, with much enthusiasm, would reform English spelling for the sake of the young, and of foreign students. His final chapter demonstrates the proposed changes.

"Our English langwidge belongs to the English speaking people at large and iz not the property af antiquarian philologists. Nor hav thay the riyt to claim to be the sole gardians of it; nor do we wont them to be.

"There should be summ offshal body, with only a minority of langwidge scholars on it, which waz the gardian of our langwidge and whooze approoval had to be saut before new werds wer admitted into it."

He should find ardent supporters, for the present aim of teachers is, obviously, to protect children from the difficulties that previous generations accepted as useful mental discipline. What happens, however, to English-speaking people throughout the world who do not share Mr. Eagle's pronunciation or wait for approval of their vocabulary, is scarcely clear.

ALGONQUIAN CEREMONIALISM AND NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE GREAT LAKES. By Gertrude Prokosch Kurath. Re. 1s.

CHANAKYA AND THE ARTHASASTRA. By Somnath Dhar. Rs. 1/50.

PERSONALITY. By Sita Ram Jayaswal.

REPORT OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE OF WORLD CULTURE. 1956. The Indian Institute of World Culture. Bangalore.

THE DHAMMAPADA. Theosophy Company, Bombay.

Recent publications by the Indian Institute of Culture include papers read at its meetings: a description by the American anthropologist, Mrs. Kurath, of the culture of the Algonquian tribe, and an account by Shri Somnath Dhar of Chanakya, the sage-diplomat who lived in the fourth century B.C., and whose book *Arthasastra* has been compared with Machiavelli's *Prince*. Five lectures given by Dr. Sita Ram Jayaswal have now been published in book form.

Personality is an able presentation and criticism of current psychological theories; and its consideration of what divides "the Western and Indian

approaches to personality as well as the concept of maturity in personality" merits close study. Welcome, too, are the translation, with explanatory notes, of the *Dhammapada*, that great classic of spiritual teaching, and the Report for 1956 of the Institute's wide-ranging activities.

THE SATURDAY BOOK, 17. Edited by John Hadfield. Hutchinson. 30s.

There are many things suitable to all tastes and moods in this miscellanea of high-grade prose and verse and pictures wherein Louis Golding gives a thought-provoking account of his return to "schizophrenic" Berlin, and P. G. Wodehouse is well to the fore of the humourists with a characteristic eulogy of the Fiends in Human Form. There are thirty informative articles on a diversity of interests, and the Editor is justified in his suggestion that the book may be likened to a casual gathering of congenial friends in a room which happens to contain an assortment of bric-à-brac, *objects d'Art* and comfortable curiosities. The illustration is exceptionally well done; the flower-pieces and pottery ware being the most admirable for their natural colouring. A modern trend of taste is emphasized, in the photography section, when we compare Bryan Patten's Nudes in Abstract with Pin-ups of the 'Nineties. The latter are attributed to an unknown photographer; but here it is suggested that they may have been done by Lauder, of Dublin, whose superbly posed, lightly draped, figures were appreciated highly by readers of the Strand Magazine at the turn of the century.

The Saturday Book ought to be given a high place in lists of seasonal gifts—as pleasing to the giver as to the receiver.

Études Anglaises. Avril-Juin, 1957. Didier, Paris. 450 fr.

This number includes an admirable study by R. M. Lumiansky of Malory's use of *Le Morte Arthur* and *Mort Artu*; an essay by P. Legouis which he modestly describes as "une pierre à l'édifice, une contribution à l'ouvrage qui s'intitulera 'Donne et l'amour'"; articles on Conan Doyle, Shaw and Whitman, and the usual excellent reviews.

DUBLIN HISTORICAL RECORD. July, 1957. 2s. 6d.

Those who are interested in Dublin's past will find the contributions to the present issue of the Old Dublin Society's quarterly, most fascinating. It contains a detailed account of the Rathbone family in an article entitled "An Early Dublin Candle Maker" by Miss Joan Tighe; a paper by Mr. E. P. Blythe on the chapel attended by the Welsh colony in Dublin for over a century; a description of the old graveyard near St. Patrick's Cathedral called the Cabbage Garden, and an article on O'Connell Bridge and its environs.

TRACE. No. 23. 1s. 6d.

Trace, which surveys the small literary magazines, provides here a Directory supplement, editorial comment on recent work, and an essay, "Poetry and Mind," by James Russell Grant.

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The Editor of THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE will be glad to consider MSS. offered for publication, but no MS. will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, and the Editor will take no responsibility for manuscripts that may be lost.

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AS THIS Magazine goes to press we regret to have to announce the death of its founder and Editor, James Sullivan Starkey, otherwise Seumas O'Sullivan, the name by which he is known in the world of letters. From the first number of the Dublin Magazine in 1923 up to the present issue there is continuous evidence of the product of a mind with one standard—the highest. The list of contributors' names to be found elsewhere in this number, bears witness to Seumas O'Sullivan's catholicity of taste in poetry and prose. Many of these writers found their first platform in this Magazine. While Ireland's greatest writers shine magnificently in its files, there is no narrow nationalism. O'Sullivan could find room for English, French and American contributors if they fitted into his scheme of things. And through the annals of this journal there emerges the individuality of the Editor, stamping it with his brave decisions as much *avant garde* as traditional. Much will yet be written about Seumas O'Sullivan as poet, essayist and editor, much about the man himself but there is little need to address the readers of this Magazine in this respect.

The future of this journal, now that its great artificer is gone, is uncertain. One would have liked at least one more issue in which writers could pay homage to this unique figure in the literary world. But many material and other considerations must be counted before a decision can be reached.

A.J.L.